THE DVKES MISTRIS.

As

IT WAS PRESENted by her *Majesties* Servants,
At the private House in
Drury-Lane.

Written by
IAMES SHIRLY.

LONDON,
Printed by IOHN NORTON, for WILLIAM COOKE, 1638.

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The Prologue.

SO various are the pallates of our Age
That nothing is presented on the Stage,
Though here so square, and apted to the Lawes
Of poesy, that can winne full applause,
This likes a story, that a cunning plot
This wit, that lines, here one, he know's not what.
But after all this looking severall wayes,
We do observe the generall guests to Playes,
Meet in opinion of two straines: that please
Satire, and wantonnes, the last of these
Though old, if in new dressing it appeare
Will move a smile from all, but shall not heare.
Our Author hath no guilt of scurrile friends.
For Satire they do know best what it meanes,
That dare apply, and if a Poets Pen,
Ayming at generall errors not the men,
'Tis not his fault, the safest cure is, they
That purge their bosomes, may see any Play.
But here we quit your feare of Satire too,
And with these disadvantages to you
Thus humbly bow, to such helpes tane away
What hope is there many will like the Play,
But good or bad, have patience but two howers,
The Poets credit is at stake with ours.

The Prologue.

THE DVKES MISTRIS

Actus Primus.

Enter Silvio, and Valerio.

Sil. *Val.* WEe are like to have a brave, and jolly time on't.
The Court looks now as't should be, after such
A tempeſt, what should follow but a calme,
And Sun-beames? wher's the *Dutcheſſe*?
And yet as the caſe ſtands, we can ſcarce give her
That title, all her glory is eclips'd,
Shee's i'th weſt, poore gentle-woman I can
But pity her, I meane *Euphemia*.

Sil. I dare not ſpeake.

Val. Thou may'ſt ſpeake any thing
That's Courtly, and in faſhion.

Sil. But the *Duke*.

Val. Is *Duke* and Heaven preſerve him, let him have
His humor, and his Miſtreſſes, what are we
The worſe, nay lets conſider like wiſe-men
We are the better for't, it gives us liberty,
And matter for our dutifull imitation.

Sil. But ſhe was his *Dutcheſſe*.

Val. What then?

Sil. A Lady of,
A flowing sweetnes, and but in his eyes
Can want no beauty, how her nature may
Thus cruelly affronted, keepe that soft,
And noble temper.

Val. Take heede, and be wise,
Weare or should be Courtiers, if it please
The *Duke* for reasons best knowne to himselfe
To have more Wives, I say 'tis fit he have 'em,
I make it my owne case,

Sil. Thou art not married.

Val. No, I dare not for that reason, cause I hold it
Unfit my conscience should be limited,
But we are private men, and though the Lawes
Have power on us, the State, and *Dukedome* may
Suffer, if he that is the soule of all,
I meane the *Duke*, should wast his life with one,
One melancholy wife, come let me tell thee
Since he has chosen one, that he thinks fayrer
'Tis happy for his first to keepe her head on,

Sil. Could'st thou have thought so cruell, las *Euphemia*

Val. No thou art deceiv'd, if I were *Duke*,
'Tis ten to one I'de have noe Wife at all,

Sil. How?

Val. Not of mine owne, while any of my subjects
Had those I could affect; whom I wo'd have
Presented by their husbands, they should doe
Themselves that curtesie, none would denie,
Considering what may follow.

Sil. Besides Hornes.

Val. Right, if the toy be gamesome, the husbands made
For ever. *Sil.* Cuckold.

Val. And his Wife a great one,
Hornes excuse for all.

Sil. The old mind still.

Val. I know my constitution

Enter Leontio.

His countenance weares some sore of discontent
Do'es he not appeare Cloudy.

Sil.

Sil. Lett's ſpeake to him.
Val. My Lord, —— my Lord.
Not anſwer.
Sil. He does not heare.
My nobleſt Lord.
Val. If I did thinke he were proud now of a ſuddaine,
I wod not aske him how he do'es, to ſave
His life——I'le ſpeake once more, my worthieſt Lord,
Leontio. *Leo.* Ha!
Val. I ha waken'd him.
Leo. *Valerio*, and *Silvio*,
I am your ſervants.
Val. Not that we grudge our duties to your Lordſhip
Or breath, for without flattery, I dare
Be hoarſe with prayſing, and with praying for you,
But we would willingly have your Lordſhip take
Notice, when we expreſſe our hearts to ſerve you.
Leo. Your pardon gentlemen, I am confident
You have more vertue then to let me ſuffer in your opinions
Sil. You looke ſad.
Leo. Not I.
Val. And talke as you had but ſtarted from a dreame,
I dare not be too bold to enquire the cauſe,
But your face will teach others melancholie.
Sil. Now in this generall mirth it muſt appeare,
The greater wonder to behold your trouble.
Leo. I ſhall betray my ſelfe, keepe in my paſſions.
Sil. Ther's ſomething in't more then we apprehend.
Val. What ſhould diſtract the freedome of your ſole
Kinſman, and onely favourite to the *Duke*,
The peoples love too, and theſe ſeldome meete,
The minion of the Souldiers, who honour you
Moſt infinitly for your valour, and your bounty.
Leo. Flatter not gentlemen.
Val. I'le be your hinde firſt.
Eeclipſe not, Sr, the glories of your minde
with this ſtrange melancholy, I wod not for
My hopes the *Duke* ſhould ſee this dulnes, he
May with unhappy jealouſie interpret——

Leo. What Jealouſie?
Val. I know not.
Leo. Is my heart tranſparent?
Val. Now ioy revels in the Court;
By his command, and his example too;
Doe not affront his pleaſure, I am bold,
But 'tis my zeale, that wo'd not have you ſuffer,
And you may give it pardon.
Leo. I muſt thanke
Thy love *Valerio*, thy heart does ſpeake
A noble friendſhip, you ſhall witneſſe Gentlemen
I will be very pleaſant, keepe, keepe in
Yee rebell thoughts, and take ſome other time
To ſhew your wildnes.
Sil. Obſerv'd you that?
Val. Shall I be bold to aske your Lordſhip a que-
Leo. Any thing. (ſtion?
Val. You will pardon the folly on't?
Leo. What is't? be cleare with me.
Val. Are you not in love, my Lord?
Leo. In Love?
Val. I have ſhrewd coniectures.
Leo. From what?
Val. From theſe dull Symptomes, if you be——
Leo. What then?
Val. Let me be your Phyſition, 'tis a woman
I muſt preſume.
Leo. What does a man love elſe? (cloathes
Val. There be thoſe men are in love with their own
Their wits, their follies, their eſtates, themſelves,
But if you love a woman, let me adviſe you.
Sil. Heare him my Lord, his practiſe upon that ſex
Has made him learn'd.
Val. Something I have obſerv'd
After a hundred Miſtreſſes, I had beene dull elſe,
But to the point.
Leo. How would you adviſe mee?
Val. I would not counſell you not to love at all,
As ſome that are all Satyr, 'gainſt the ſex,

Love me a handſome Lady, but ſo love her
That ſtill your heart finde roome for a freſh beautie,
For twentie, for a thouſand.
Leo. Is inconſtancie
So eaſie, and ſo pardonable.
Val. Why dee' ſhift
Your ſhirt, the linnen's fine, but not ſo cleane
And ſweete after a Journey, 'tis a Juſtice
To change: and a ſecurity a woman
Is Tyrant, when ſhe finds a dotage, Love
But wiſely, to delight our hearts, not ruine 'em
With too ſevere impreſſion.
Leo. Prethee tell me,
What doe moſt men deſire that are in love?
Val. In this wiſe love I meane? why, my Lord, they
Deſire to enioy their Miſtreſſes, what elſe
Can be expected? and 'tis neceſſary
In my opinion.
Leo. Hadſt thou beene woman,
Thou wod'ſt not have beene ſo cruell.
Val. Troth, my Lord,
I know not how the ſex might have corrupted mee
But had I beene *Adonis*, without queſtion
My Lady *Venus* ſhould have had no cauſe
To accuſe my baſhfullneſſe, I ſhould have left
The Forreſt to have hunted——
Leo. I beleeve it.
Val. But I muſt be content.
Sil. Nothing will much trouble thy head *Valerio.*
Val. I doe not vex my ſelfe with much inquirie
What men doe in the *Indies*, or what Trade
The great Turke's on, nor what his deſigne is,
Nor does the State at home much trouble me,
After the warres I enioy my limbs, and can
Boaſt ſome activitie, untill ſome woman
In kindneſſe take me downe, be rul'd by me,
Employ your ſpring and youth upon thoſe Joyes
They are fit for, beget a new *Elizium*,
Under ſome pleaſing ſhade lets lie and laugh

Our Temples crown'd with Roses, with the choyse,
And richest blood of Grapes, quicken our veines,
Some faire cheek'd boyes skinking our swelling Cups,
And we with Joviall soules shooting them round
At each mans lip a Mistresse.

Sil. I did looke for this before.

Val. They in this Bower
Shall with their Songs, and Musicke charme our eares;
And nimbly dance, their bright haire loosely spread;
Nor shall they more their amorous beauties hide
Then those contended for the golden Ball.

Leo. Thou wod'st imagine many fine devices
But after all these pleasures, as there is
A limit, and a period set, what will
Succeed these raptures, when they are past enjoyings
But leave so many stings upon our thoughts.

Val. We wo'not thinke of that, or if we do,
Wee'le venture upon Fortunes curtesie.

Leo. Thou art resolute *Valerio*, if ere sorrow
Lay seige to me, i'le wish thee my companion.

Val. I am your humble creature, and shall be honord
In your commands.

Enter Ascanio.

As. My Lord, the Duke
Ask'd for you. *Ascanio whispers with*

Leo. I'le attend. Whither in hast? *Valerio, and Silvio.*

Val. We are commanded to attend *Ardelia.*

Sil. It is his pleasure, we should waite upon her
To his presence.

Leo. *Ardelia,*
It will become you, and but that his highnes
Exacts my person, I should be a part *Exeunt.*
Of her attendance, but not serve her with
Halfe the devotion, I would pay *Euphemia*
The too much injur'd *Dutchesse*, now a stranger
To the *Dukes* bosome, while another sits,
And rules his heart, but this prepares my happines,
My hopes grow from her misery, which may
Encline *Euphemia* to pity me.

I must use art.

Enter Euphemia, and Macrina.

La. Good Madam have more comfort.

Leo. Is not that she? her habite like her Fortune
Most blacke, and ominous, heer's a change of State,
Noe noyse of waiters, and officious troppes,
Of Courtiers flutter here, where are the traine
Of Ladies, with more blossome then the Spring,
Ambitious to present their duties to her,
Where be those Jewells, whose proud blaze did use
To vye with Sun-beames, and strike gazers blind?
All gone behind a Cloud? how she observes
The Structures, which more soft then *Dionisio*
seeme to incline their marble heads, and sweate
In the compassion of her iniury,
My heart is labouring for breath, and yet
I dare not speake to her, the *Duke* has spies
Upon her, and his anger carries ruine.

Enter Courtiers, who passe by neglectfully.

Eup. Sure I should know this place.

La. Tis the Court Madam.

Eup. And those were Courtiers that past by?

La. They were.

Eup. Some of them serv'd me once, but now the *Duke*
Has discharg'd all, why dost not thou forsake me.

La. I serv'd you Madam, for your selfe, and cannot
Thinke on you with lesse reverence, for your change
Of Fortune.

Eup. Is not that *Leontio*?

La. It is Madam.

Eup. Does he decline me too? though I am miserable,
My griefe wo'd not infect him, but he must
Compose himselfe to please, the *Duke*, whose creature
He has beene alwayes.

Leo. I will speake to her,
Though death in the *Dukes* eye threatens to kill me,
Great Mistresse.

Eup. You doe not well *Leontio* to insult
Upon my misery, *Dionisios* frowne

May

May make your feild as barren.

Leo. By all vertue,
And by your ſelfe the Miſtris, I have not
One thought ſo irreligious in my ſoule
I weepe for your misfortune, and ſhall Study
All humble wayes to ſerve you.

Eup. You have beene noble.

Leo. Your titles are all ſacred ſtill with me,
The *Dukes* neglect cannot unprince you here;
Oh let not haſty ſorrow boaſt a triumph
Over ſo great a mind, let not that beauty
Wither with apprehenſion of your wrong
That may be ſoone repented, and the Storme
That cowardly would ſhake that comlieſt building
Make for your happines, ſome lament your fate.

Enter Strozo.

Whoſe lookes ſpeake mirth, be confident, the *Duke*
Will chide the unlawfull flame, that like rude
And wandring meteor, led him from your vertues
With ſo much danger to embrace *Ardelia.*

Str. The *Duke* ſhall know your complements. *Exit.*

Eup. Noe more, leaſt for your charity to me,
For I muſt call it ſo, you ruine not
Your favour with the *Duke*; farewell *Leontio*
Yet I would pray one favour from you.

Leo. Me?
My life's your ſervant.

Eup. If you heare the *Duke*
Speake of me, as I feare he never will
But in diſpleaſure, tell him I will thinke it
Noe cruelty to take this poore life from me,
Rather then let me draw a wretched breath
With generall ſcorne, let him command me dead,
And I forgive him, otherwiſe farewell. *Exeunt.*

Leo. That cloſe ſhew'd ſomething, like a will to be
Reveng'd, her breſt heav'd up, and fell againe,
While both her eyes ſhot a contention upward,
As they would ſeeme to put juſt Heaven in mind
How much ſhe ſuffers.

Enter

Enter Pallante.

If griefe thus become her,
What magicke will not love put on? *I* must
Stifle my passion. *Pallante*, welcome,
You are well met in Court;
Where dost thou live *Pallante*?

Pall. Every where,
Yet no where to any purpose, we are out
Of use, and like our Engines are laid by
To gather dust, the Court I ha' not skill in,
I want the tricke of flatterie, my Lord,
I cannot bow to Scarlet, and Gold-lace,
Embroiderie is not an *Idoll* for my worship,
Give me the warres agen.

Leo. But yet remember we fight for peace,
The end of warre.

Pall. I never did, my Lord.

Leo. What?

Pall. Fight for peace, I fought for pay, and honour,
Peace will undoe us.

Leo, Tis the corruption of our peace, that men
Glorious in Spirit, and desert, are not
Encourag'd.

Pall. The faults somewhere.

Leo. I presume
Thou art not of so tyrannous a nature,
But thou couldst be content to weare rich cloathes,
Feed high, and want no fortune without venturing
To buy them at the price of blood.

Pall. I could.

Leo. And ile engage thou sha't, be this the Prologue.

Pall. Not I, keepe, keepe your money.

Leo. You doe not scorne my bounty.

Pall. You may guesse
That fortune has not doted much upon mee,
And yet I must refuse it.

Leo. Your reason pray?

Pall. Why ten to one I shall spend it.

Leo. So tis meant.

Pall. I will make me gay a while, but I shall pawne
My Robes, and put on these agen.
Leo. Thou sha't not
While I have Fortune to preserve thee otherwise,
Pall. I say out of my love to you I must not,
I never yet tooke money upon charity,
I earn'd it in the Warre, and i'le deserue't
In peace, of you I cannot, tis my misery
To be unserviceable.
Leo. Is that your Scruple?
But that *I* know thy humor, *I* should thinke
This cunning, but you shall not, S^r, despaire,
I shall find wayes to have mention'd
In your accounts for merrits, doubt not, *I*
Will give you occasion to deserve more.
Pall. On those conditions i'le take more, and thinke the
Of my owne life, honour'd by your imployments. (better.
Leo. The *Duke*.

Enter Duke, Strozzi, Ascanio.

Du. Ha? *Leontio*.
Str. If *I* have my braynes, he shew'd a passion
Did not become him to your *Dutchess*, S^r.
Du. Presumes he on his blood, above our favour?
Dares he but in a thought controule our pleasure,
No more, wee'le take noe knowledge, oh my Lord
You absent your selfe too much, though we confesse
Our State must owe much to your care, we would not
Your offices should wast you with imployments
Preserve your health *I* pray——
Leo. I never did
Enioy it more than when *I* studied service,
And duties to your grace.
Du. Musicke, the minutes
Are sad i'th absence of *Ardelia*,
And moove too slow, quicken their pace with Luts,
And voices.

A Song.

Du. No more; we will be Musicke of our selves,
And spare your Arts, thought of *Ardelia*,

Should

Should strike a harmony through every heart,
What brow lookes sad, when we command delight?
We shall account that man a Traytor to us,
That weares one fullen Cloud upon his face,
I'le read his soule in't, and by our bright Mistresse,
Then which the World containes noe richer beauty,
Punish his daring fame.

Leo. He will deserve it
Great Sir, that shall offend with the least sadnes,
Or were it so possest, yet your command
That stretches to the soule, would make it smile,
And force a bravery, severe old age
Shall lay aside his fullen gravity,
And revell like a youth, the froward Matrons
For this day, shall repent their yeares, and coldnes
Of blood, and with agen their tempting beauties
To dance like wanton Lovers.

Du. My *Leontio*,
In this then thou dost present our bosome to thee,
What's he?

Leo. A Gentleman that has deserv'd
For service in your late warres, Sir, a Captaine.

Du. He may turne Courtier now, we have no use
Of noyse, we can march here without a Drumme,
I hope we are not in arreares to him,
He haunts us for noe pay?

Leo. Your bounty beside that, hath wonne their hearts.

Du. Why has he noe better cloathes? this is a day
Of Triumph.

Pall. I beseech your highnes pardon,
I ha' drunke your health in better cloathes, dispise
My Christian Buffe; this is the fruits of peace,
I'le waite on you agen. *Exit.*

Du. Wher's my *Ardelia*?
How at the name my spirits leape within me,
And the amorous winds doe catch it from my lips
To sweeten the Ayre—heaven at the sound
Lookes cleare, and lovely, and the earth put's on
A spring to welcome it, speake *Leontio*

Strowd, Gentlemen, but she appeares.

Enter Ardelia, Valeria, Silvia.

For whom the World shall weare eternall shine,
Brightest *Ardelia*, Queene of love, and me,
Ar. The onely honor, my ambition climes too,
Is to be held your highnes humblest hand-maid.
Du. Call me thy servant, what
New charmes her looke does throw upon my soule.
Sil How the *Duke* gazes?
Du. There is some strange divinity within her,
Is there not *Valerio*?
Val. I am not read so farre yet as divinity,
Mine is but humane learning.
Du. Speake agen,
And at thy lipps the quires shall hang to learne
New tunes, and the dull spheres but coldly imitate,
I am transform'd with my excesse of rapture.
Frowne, frowne *Ardelia* I shall forget
I am mortall else, and when thou hast throwne downe
Thy servant, with one smile exaltagen
His heart to heaven, and with a kisse breath in me
Another soule fit for thy love, but all
My language is too could, and we waste time.
Lead on, ther's something of more ceremony
Expects our presence, *Italy* is barren
Of what we wish to entertaine *Ardelia*.
Leo. May all the pleasures thought can reach attend you.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus primi.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Bentivolio, Horatio.

Hor. BE counſell'd yet without being too ambitious
To buy a deere repentance.
Ben. Now we are
Arriv'd at Court, ſhame to our reſolution,
I prethee do'nt tempt me to ſuch cowardiſe,
Horatio I muſt ſee her, ſheele not blaſt us,
She was lovely when our eyes ſaluted laſt,
And at my fare-well many innocent teares
Witneſſ'd her ſorrow, cleere as *Aprill* weepes
Into the boſome of the Spring, not ſee
Ardelia?
Hor. You have travel'd ſince, and ſhe
Wanting noe beauty, was not over willing
To languiſh in your abſence, how I pity thee,
But that I wod not too much vexe your folly,
Do'ſt thinke ther's faith in any womans eyes,
She wept at parting, a ſtrong obligation
When they can thread their teares, and make a chaine
Of water, let me weare one o' their bracelets;
I will convince thy madnes in ſix words,
Admit ſhe ſaid ſhe lov'd you, and to your thinking
Vow'd it, for you ſay you were contracted
All this is nothing. *Ben.* No.
Hor. Not this; although
You had beene married, and i'th Sheets together,
And chaffer'd earneſt for a boy, 'tis nothing
It binds not.
Ben. How?
Hor. Not with a thouſand witneſſes.
Ben. How not bind her?
Hor. Nor any woman living, that's poſſeſt

With a wandring spirit, clap her in a dungeon,
Pile three Castles on her, yet she shall
Breake prison when she has but the least minde to't;
She le worke through a Steele-mine, to meete a friend
That she likes better, with more ease throw up
A quarrie of Marble, than a Mole shall dust,
They worke with spirits, man, and can doe wonders,
Especially a handsome woman, from whose false
And sly temptations, all my wits defend me.
There were some dealing with an Elvish female,
That had but a course face, or say but halfe a one,
Emnaticke eyes, with no more sight than could
Distinguish well, man from a horse, or beare,
To keepe her from mistake in procreation,
A nose of many fashions, and as many
Water-workes in 'em, lips of honest hide,
And made to last, teeth of a Moores complexion,
A chinne, without all controversie, good
To goe a fishing with, a witches beard on't,
With twentie other commendations, such a thing
Were no mischiefe, and a man might trust
Her with no scruple in his Conscience.

Ben. This is plaine madnesse.

Hor. You may call it so,
But Ile be bound to travell further with
This Night-mare, than the finest flesh and blood
You court, and call your mistresse, why the Devill
With all his art, and malice will nere cuckold me.
And I should leave her in hell, and goe a journey,
I should be sure at my returne to find her
Safe, and untouch'd, sound of her winde, and limbs;
A faire, and handsome woman would not scape so:
You have my opinion now, and 'twere lesse evill
To practise it, you mind not my instructions.

Ben. Not I.

Hor. These Lectures have I read toth' City
With the same successe, that Gentlemen might live honest,
And men have lucke to father their owne children,
But 'twill not be, you are resolv'd to try it?

Ben.

Ben. Am I engag'd thus farre to fall backe now?
Hor. Remember where you are yet.
Ben. I am i'th Court.
Hor. Where you expect to complement with the *Dukes* ——
Ben. What?
Hor. What doe you thinke? the *Dukes* married,
They say although he love *Ardelia*,
And without question, in these parts may want
No intelligence of your purpose and your person,
And theres no doubt but if he find you quaile-catching,
He has power enough to coole your blood, and hers,
Should she remember what has past betweene you,
In that respect be caution'd, doe not worke
A double ruine, to sooth one vaine humour;
Eyes will beget an appetite of more necessitie,
And how that may succeed, 'tis better feare, than prove.
Ben. I prethee fright me not with shadowes.
Hor. You are then for her substance —— ile not leave you.
Ben. Ile see her did the Duke proclaime it death.
Hor. I Had rather see the Cow, with her five legges,
And all the Monsters in the market, then
Be troubled with the spectacle, but on,
Stay, yet will you but see her? will her face content you,
A farre off, without multiplying twinckles,
Ridiculous sighes, or croft armes pinion'd thus,
As the Kinght-Templers leggs are, whollie buried,
Like Taylors, no djected lookes, as y'ad
Your father alive agen to send you out
To sea, with pention to maintaine you in bisket,
Poore John, and halfe a livery, which should be
Part of your governor, to read morrall vertue
And lenton Lectures to you, or if she frowne
As much as say my friend, I am not for you,
The Dukes the better Gentleman, and shall pay for it
Will you returne then with a handsome patience,
And wisely love where no man ele will rivall you,
A Witch or some old woman.
Ben. I prethee leave
Thy phrenzy, thou shal't witnes ile be temperate.

Enter

Enter Valerio.

Who's this? Signior *Valerio*.

Val. Benivolio, welcome to *Pavie*, and the Court.

Ben. My friend, Sir.

Val. You both divide me.

Ben. Then I am no stranger,
In confidence of that friendship we both seal'd
In Travell.

Val. What affaires brought you to *Pavie*?

Ben. Being at large, I had curiositie
To observe what might improve my knowledge here
With some taste of your Court.

Val. And I am happie
I have some power to serve your wish, nor could you
Arrive to see it shine with more delight,
It is compos'd of revells, now all ayre,
Let me present you to the Duke.

Ben. I shall be honour'd to kisse his hand.

Val. Sha't see his Mistresse,
The faire *Ardelia*, the Dukes no saint,
I may tell thee.

Hor. Pray Sir, with your favour,
Cannot the Court furnish a Gentleman,
And need be, with an vglie face or two,
Such as would turne your stomacke, would content
My fancie best.

Val. What meanes your friend?

Ben. A humour he playes withall.

Val. He would not play with such a woman, would he?

Hor. Yes, and if the place be not
Too barren to afford me one ill-favoured
Enough.

Val. Nere feare it, they are common here
As Crowes, and something of a hue by moone-shine
Promise to keepe your wits, and ile present you.

Hor. I have a leasse Sir, of my braines, and dare

En-

Encounter with an armie out of *Lapland*.

Musicke, and Song in Dialogue.

Enter the Duke, Ardelia, Fiametta, Leontio, Strozzi, Ascanio, Silvio, Ladies.

Duk. How like you *Ardelia* this?

Ard. If it affect
Your highnesse eare, dutie hath so compos'd
My will to obedience, I must praise the musicke;
And wish no other object to that sence,
Unlesse you please to expresse more harmonie
By some commands from your owne voice, that will
Challenge my more religious attention.

Duk. What charme is in her language? cease all other
(But discord to her accents) what a sweete,
And winning soule she has, is it not pity
She should be lesse than Dutchesse, farre above
Euphemia in beautie, and rare softnesse
Of nature, I could wonder, gaze for ever;
But I expose my passion too much
To censure, yet who dares dispute our will?
Leontio looke upon *Ardelia*,
And tell me.

Leo. What Sir?

Duk. Canst see nothing there?

Leo. I see a spacious field of beautie Sir.

Duk. Tis poore, and short of her perfection,
Beare her this other Jewell, I will have her
Shine like a volumne of bright constellations,
Till all the world turne her Idolater:
When did *Euphemia* looke thus?

Leo. Never Sir.

Duk. Be Judge thy selfe *Leontio*, if my Dutches
Lov'd me, could she denie her *Dismisse*
This happinesse, but she has a stubborne soule,
She has, and shall repent it.

Leo. Sir, remember

Slate is a princesse.

Du. You were best remember her,
Perhaps sheele take it kindlie.

Leo. Sir, I hope
You have more assurance of my faith to you
Then to intepret.

Du. Nothing, come, all's well,
Name her noe more, how'ere she has displeas'd
Us, you can violate noe duty still
To love her.

Leo. I sir?

Du. This infects delight,
Let's dance my sweete *Ardelia*.

Leo. The *Dukes* jealous
Or i'me batraid.

Du. *Leontio, Silvio, Strozzi,*
The Ladies blush for you, they have breath'd too much.

While the Dance is

Enter Valerio, Bentivolio, Horatio.

Val. Sir, here are gentlemen desire the grace
To kisse your highnesse hand.

Du. *Ardelia* supply our Dutchesse absence.

Val. It is the *Dukes* desire by his example, you extend your
Faire hand to a payre of strangers, ambitious of the
Honour.

Ard. *Bentivolio!*
Tis he, how my heart trembles as my frame
Would fall to peeces, doe you know that gentleman?

Va. Yes, Madam.

Ar. Let him attend me in my lodgings
It will be worth your friend-ship to conduct him.

Val I shall.

Du. Your countenance changes, I observ'd
Your eyes upon this Stranger.

Ar. He revewes
The memory of a brother, I lov'd dearely,

That died at Sea: I ne're saw two so like.
Du. For representing one so neare *Ardelia*,
Receive another welcome, and what favours
Your thoughts can study from our Court, possesse 'em.
Ben. You oblige my humblest services — how now, how (dost like this?
Ho. Why scuruily, you flatter
Your selfe into distruction, I see
The Arrow will peirce thy heart, decline it yet.
Ben. Still frantickely opposing.
Ho. I ha' done
Be mad, i'le give my braine to somewhat els,
Sir, I wod see a phisnomy, though it looke
As big as the fower winds, I ha' court-ship for it,
And wo not be blowne off with an Hericano,
Yet trust me i'le be honest.
Va. I beleeve you.
Ho. Onely to please my eye.
Va. What thinke you of
That Divells lans-schape, you observ'd not her,
Notwithstanding her complexion, she is a Lady
Usefull at Court, to set of other faces,
Especially the *Dukes* Mistres, whom for that,
And some thing else his grace has recommended
To be her companion, will she serve turne?
Did you ever see a more excellent wall-eye
Ho. I marry, Sir.
Va. Nay let me prepare you,
Madam dee observe that Gentleman,
The staring Stranger, he has busines to you,
And you will bid it welcome.
Fia. Does he know me?
Va. He inquir'd for you
By all discriptions — and I guesse he may
Be worth your favour.
Fia. Mine?
Val If ever man
Were an Jdolater, he is yours, i'le bring him
To your lodgings Madam, if you please.
Fia. You'le honour me.

Du. Agen to our revells, there's no life without being
Val. Not now, you shall have opportunity, (active.
And I have commission to informe you something,
Away here's like to be a Storme.
Enter Euphemia.
Ben. What's shee?
Va. Euphemia.
Str. Your *Duchess*, Sir.
Du. How dares shee interrupt us?
Leo. A guard about my heart, I am undone else.
Each looke, and motion in her greife present
Such a commanding sweetnes, if I observe
With the same eyes I shall betray my selfe.
Eup. I come not Sir, with audience of my language,
Or person to offend your mirth, although
the nature of my sorrow is so wild
It may infect weake minds, and such as have not
Some proofe in their owne bosomes, but to make
One, and my last suite, which when you have heard
It may appeare so reasonable, and proportion'd
To what your thoughts allow me, that you will
Find easily a consent to make it fortunate,
And me in the prevailing. *Ardelia offers to depart.*
Du. Doe not moove.
Ardelia, I am full protection here.
Eup. Ther's something sir in my request to make her happy
Ard. I dare not heare the *Duke* kisse, (too.
Her lookes wound me.
Du. Speake your promising wishes.
Eup. Although I know not for what guilt in me
Of more then my obedience, and some fello
Beauty then dwells upon *Ardelias* cheeke,
You have exild me from your love, and bosome,
And worse then one condemn'd by force of lawes,
For sinne against your bed have sentenc'd me
To wander with disgrace, carv'd in my brow
The Fable of a *Duchesse*, and your anger,
My desires are you would have so much charity

Though

Though you have made me an out-law by your doome,
Not to compell me after all my ſhames
To be a murderer.

Du. Treaſon, our Guard.

Eup. You ſhall not trouble Sir your feares I bring
the leaſt blacke thought againſt your perſon, heaven
Avert ſo foule a ſinne, the danger all
Doth threaten me, and my life, which I this
Moſt humbly beg may not be forc'd through blood
By my owne hands urgd by your heavy wrongs
To ſuch a deſperate mutiny, which you may
Prevent by your revenge of Law upon me.
To which, and your diſpleaſure I would yeild
My life your welcome ſacrifice, i'le praiſe
Your mercy for my death, and bleſſe the ſtroake
Devids my ſad ſoule from me.

Du. This your project?

Leo. Did you heare the *Dutches* ſuite?

Ard. Noe, but i'le beg
It may be granted, doe not ſir deny
Your *Dutches* her deſires ſo juſt, and reaſonable;

Leo. How's this? ſhee'le pray to be rid on her.
Audacious woman

Eup. Let me riſe with horror.

Du. Ardelia knowes not what *Euphemia* ask'd.

Leo. She'le appeare cunning.

Ard. I am confident
She hath propounded nothing ill becoming.

Leo. Nothing, a very trifle, wearied with
Her injuries ſhe onely begs the *Duke*
Would be ſo kind to order with as much
Conveniency as he pleaſe, her head to be
Chop'd of, that all, and you were charitable
To joyne ſo modeſtly in the advancement
Of her deſires.

Ard. Defend it heaven,
Madam your pardon, I imagin'd not
You aym'd ſuch cruelty upon your ſelfe.

Eup. Proud, and diſſembling woman, at ſuch impudence

I take my spirit to me, and no more
Will put my breath to the expence of prayer
To be short-liv'd, I will desire to live
To see heaven drop downe justice, with such loud,
And publicke noyse of my revenge on thee,
And thy adulterate arts, as the world naming
But once *Ardelia*, shall be palsey-struckes
I feele a new, and fiery soule within me,
Apt to disperse my rage, which feare and my
Religion would he' stifled. Oh my fate!

Du. She raves, to prison with her, we are not safe
While she enjoyes the freedome of our ayre:
Stay (my good Genius) she carries yet
The title of our Dutches; tis our pleasure
Leontio, she be your prisoner,
But see her narrow lie confind, till we
Determine what shall follow, in what we
Limit, you not make your owne reason guide,
But on your life secure her.

Leo. Your commands
In all things I obey, most blest occasion!

Du. Foole, thou dost entertain what must undo thee,
And make you both ripe for eternall absence;
Hug *Juno* in the clouds, and court her smiles,
Though she consent not, tis enough you'l stand
Suspected, aud expos'd to equall danger.
You sha'not lose your ayre to plead for death,
Thus wele secure *Ardelia*.

Eup. I heare,
And with all chearefullnesse resigne my will
To imprisonment, or death; forgive the wildnesse,
And furie of my language, I repent
My wish upon *Ardelia*, may she live
To doe so too, and you to be possest
Of all joyes, Earth and Heaven can blesse your heart
May danger never in a dreame affright you, (with.
And if you thinke I live too long, tis possible,
Before you send death to conclude my sufferings,
Some thoughts of you may wither my poore heart,

And

And make your path smooth, to what most you joy in
Be not a tyrant when i'me dead, upon
My fame, although you wish me not alive,
Yet say I was *Euphemia*, let that sticke
Upon my Tombe, if you will grace my shade
With so much cost, in that name is supplied
Enough to tell the world for whom I died.

Du. We heare too much, away with her.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Bentivolio, Valerio, Horatio.

Ben. I Have given a treasure to your bosome Sir.
Val. You shannot friend repent it, and this act
Of so much confidence, new binds my faith to you;
Contracted to *Ardelia*? I may chance make use of this.
Your pilgrimage ends here—— *Exit Valerio*

Hor. Doe you know
What you have done?

Ben. I have told him what
Concern'd *Ardelia*, and my selfe; thou wod'st
Suspect, and chide my credulous nature, come,
He trust him with my life.

Hor. That's done already,
He has a secret, much good doe him wo't,
Should ha' burnt a passage through my heart, and left
It ashes, ere thead wandred from me thus,
And if you never did before, pray now
He may be honost to you, tis too late
To finde compunction for it, pray, and heartily
He may be dumbe.

Enter Valerio and Ardelia.

Val.

Val. Signior *Benivolio*?

Exit Ardelia, and Benivolio.

So, so, thats over, now ile conduct you
To your pretious Saint, unlesse your bloud turne
Coward. *Ho.* Oh, never feare it, Sir.
Val. But would you did
First tell me and discharge me of some wonder,
You have an humor of the newest fashion
I ere yet saw, and how the Court may follow't
I know not, how long have you beene possest Sir?
Ho. Possest? what Divell doe you meane? (sure?
Val. With these ilfavour'd, deform'd women, y'are bewitchd
Ho. Thou dost not know the fiends I have convers'd with.
Val. I have no ambition to be acquainted
With any Goblins, further then their knowledge
Might make me understand the ground of your
Inchantment.
Ho. Oh a world, Legions, Legions.
Val. Of what?
Ho. Of handsome women.
Val. They the cause of this? (with
Ho. Their false, and perjur'd natures, I nere met
One handsome Face that made a conscience of me.
Val. And doe thinke to finde
More Faith in those that looke all ore like Devills?
Ho. Tis possible they may have soules, who knowes?
Howere in my revenge, ile love, and doate on 'em,
And iustifie thy are the Sexes glorie.
Val. I have enough.

Enter Ardelia, and Benivolio.

They are return'd, this way Sir, to your Fayre.

Exeunt.

Ar. My dearest *Benivolio*, why dost stand
At so much gaze, and distance, as thou wodst
Teach love unkindnesse, can these outward formes
Disguise me from thy knowledge, lets salute,
My lips retaine their softnesse, and unles

Thy love be chang'd, our breath may meet, and we
Convey the heartie meaning of our ſoules,
As we once did.

Ben. Y'are very brave *Ardelia*,

Ar. But have no pride without you, theſe are no
Glories compar'd to what I weare within,
To ſee thee ſafe, whom my feares gave up loſt,
And after ſo much abſence, doe *I* live
To embrace my *Bentivolio*?

Ben. You would have me
Beleeve *I* am welcome hither, faire *Ardelia*,
Pardon, I know not yet what other name
To call you by, and if *I* wrong your titles,
Be gentle to my ignorance; this hand
You gave me once, when no ambition frighted
The troth we vow'd, our chaſt ſimplicity
Durſt kiſſe without a ſhame, or feare to be
Divorc'd by greatnes, tell me, ſweet *Ardelia*,
When *I* did court thy Virgin faith, and paid
An innocent tribute to thy moſt chaſt lip,
When we had ſpent the day with our diſcourſe,
And night came rudely in to part us, what
Were then thy uſuall dreames? how many viſions
Were let into thy ſleepe, thou ſhouldſt be great,
Tome from my boſome, to enrich thy ſelfe,
And a Dukes armes? and that a time ſhould come,
When I, the promiſd Maſter of this wealth,
Should thus preſent my ſelfe a beggar to thee,
And count thy ſmiles a charitie?

Ard. What meanes
My *Bentivolio* by this paſſionate language?

Ben. I doe confeſſe *I* was compell'd to be
An exile from thee, in obedience to
My father, who would truſt me to the Seas,
Or any land, ere leave me to this ſhipwracke,
For ſo his anger ſinn'd againſt thy beautie,
Whilſt the Idoll Gold grac'd not thy fairer Temple;
Yet when we plighted hearts, *Ardelia*,
I tied with mine an everlaſting contract,

And did expect at my returne to have found
Thine spotles.
Ard. Tis the same.
Ben. The same to me?
What makes you here then? doe not, doe not flatter
Thy guilt so much. Is not this *Pavilus* Court?
Ardelias Court indeed for she rules here
The Lady *Paramount*, whilst the *Duke* himselfe
Bowes like a subject!
Ar. Be not, Sir too credulous,
And with too apprehensive thoughts doe injury
To that which you should cherish, the *Duke* is——
Ben. Youle say none of your subiect,
He is a prince,
Prince of your Province, writes *Ardelia* his,
Tis ravish'd all from me, and I am become
A stranger to my owne, may stand, and see
My treasure rifled all my wealth tane from me,
And dare not question the injurious power
That revells in my glory, but canst thinke
I will be cold for ever, that all seede
Of man lie dead within me, and my soule
Sunke in my phlegme, will never rise to forme
Some iust revenge? thinke there are then noe furies.
Ard. You come to threaten not to love, and having
Already by long absence made a fault,
To quit your selfe would lay a staine on me,
Tis not well done.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The *Duke*. *Exit.*
Ben. The *Duke*?
Ard. Tis possible
He may not feare your anger.
Ben. I'le squat then
Behind this Hedge, this Garden hath quient shades.
I hope you'le not betray me.
Ard. This the forme
Of your revenge,

Exit

Enter Duke.

Du. My faire *Arbelia*
Excuſe me if I preſſe upon thy private
Walkes, love gives a bouldnes to meane ſpirits,
But in a Princes breſt it is much more active,
And feares noe imputation, what doth frighte
Thy countenance? I hope *Arbelia*
My preſence brings noe horror.

Ard. Sir, much comfort,
Whether it were my fancie or a truth
I know not.

Du. What's the matter?

Ard. You have noe ſatires
Within this ground, doe any haunte this Garden?

Du. Satiers?

Ard. As I have read 'em character'd,
So one appear'd, or I imagin'd ſo,
And as you entred hid himſelfe, they are
Halfe men——

Du. Halfe beaſts.

Ard. With Goats homes in their fore-head,
The thought on't troubles me.

Du. The effect onely of melancholie thoughts,
Noe ſuch things are
In nature, yet i'le ſearch, and——ſtrange apprenſion.

Ar. 'Twas more then ſhape, ſure it did talke to me,
And threaten me for your ſake.

Du. How? for mine?
I'le have the Trees, and Arbors all torne up,
Divels lurke here? the earth ſhall not ſecure 'em,

Ard. He ſaid he lov'd me, and accurſ'd my heart
Of periury, as we had beene contracted.

Du. More ſtrange! my guard!

Ard. Stay ſir, before you goe
Let me beſeech your juſtice in defence
Of my much iniur'd honour, as you are
A Prince, I doe beſeech you ſpeake all truth,
For let him be the Divell, I'le not have

My innocence abus'd, I know not from
What fame, or fond opinion voic'd of me,
By some that had more thought to serve your will
Then vertue, I was made beleeve you lov'd me,
Which though my force resisted by some practises,
You gaind my person hither, and in Court
Command my stay.

Dn. Entreat, my best *Ardelia*.

Ar. You may Sir, smooth your cause, but I can fetch
A witnes from my bosome to convince
The truth I urge, yet let me not be lost
To gratitude, my soule bids me acknowledge
Never was subiect to a Prince more bound
For free, and beauteous graces, then *Ardelia*
To your highnes, and with many lives to wast
In service for them, I were still in debt to you.

Dn. Tis in thy power to satistie for all,
And leave me ten times more oblig'd to thee.

Ar. Let me for this time beg on answer from you,
Although I am not ignorant, what price
Your wild bloud would exact, speake in the eare
Of silent heaven, have you obteyn'd so much
As one stoope to your wanton avarice,
One bend to please your inflam'd appetite.

Dn. Not any yet, the more unkind *Ardelia*.

Ar. Speake clearely by the honour of a Prince.

Dn. By better hopes I sweare, and by thy selfe.

Ar. You doe me Sir, but Justice, I will study
To pay my humblest duty, and i'le tell
When next I see the Satire——

Dn. To discharge those feares, i'le presently destroy,
This Garden, and not leave shelter,
For a Bird.

Ar. Your pardon,
To what wo'd my immagination lead me?
I see all was but melancholie, here was nothing.

Dn. Fruits of a troubled fancie, come be pleasant,
And tell me when you will redeeme your cruelty,

It-

It may incline you somewhat to remember
By what soft wayes I have persued your love,
How nobly *I* would serue you.
Ar. Loue, your grace
Knowes, never was compelld.
Du. But loue should find
Compassion to the wound it makes, I bleed,
And court thy gentle pity to my sufferings,
All Princes are not of so calme a temper,
Thinke of it my *Ardelia*, and reward
The modest expectations of a heart,
That in thy absence withers, but i'le have thee
To chide thy cruell thoughts, and till our lipps
Salute agen, flatter my selfe with hope
Thy nature will be wise, and kind to love,
Where tis so fairely courted. *Exit.*
Ben. Is he gone?
With what acknowledgment of my fault *Ardelia*
Shall I beseech thy pardon, I am lost
In wonder of thy innocence; 'twere just
I should suspect the truth of my owne bosome,
Thou hast too rich a goodnes.
Ar. Now you flatter,
I knew noe way o'th suddaine to convince you,
But by the *Dukes* confession, I am yet
Preseru'd my *Benivolio*, but with what
Danger of being lost to thee, and honour
I shall remaine here, may concerne our jealousie.
Ben. Together with the knowledge of thy vertue
Like balsome powr'd into my care, I tooke
A poyson from the *Duke*, I find he loves thee
With a blacke purpose, and within his language
Was something worth our feare indeede, it will
Require our study, and much art, *Ardelia.*
Ar. Let's retire into my chamber, and mature
Some course for both our safeties.
Ben. I attend you. *Exeunt. Enter*

Enter Valerio, Horatio, Fiametta.

Val. I wo'not stay three minutes, ile but step aside for distillation, I leave you the pleasure of your eyes. *Exit*

Ho. Well, goe thy waies.

Fia. Doe you not mocke me Sir, shall I believe
A Gentleman of your neate, and elegant making,
Can stoope to such a creature as I am.

Ho. Will you have me sweare?

Fia. By no meanes.

Ho. Then I wo'not,
But I will give it thee under my hand,
Read that.

Fia. What's this?

Ho. Something to shew I hate all handsome women.

Fia. Is't a song?

Ho. It may be, with a voice, and tune put too't,
Ile reade it. *He reads.*

Enter Valerio, with Aurelia, and Macrina veild.

Val. I am come agen Sir, and choose, rather then
To afflict you with expectation,
To bring my company along; you may
Salute 'em if you please.

Ho. They are not welcome.

Val. Will you believe me now?

Aur. If we may trust our eies.

Ho. Ladies you must excuse me, I affect
No vulgar beauties, give me a complexion
Cannot be match'd agen in twenty kingdomes,
You have eies, and noble, and lips, and other parts
Proportion'd,

Aur. Sure the Gentlemans distracted.

Ho. No, I am recover'd, I thanke my starres,
To know, and heartily abhorre such faces,
What come they hither for? ded' know 'em Madam?

Fia.

Fia. I had no purpose they should be my guests
At this time, tho' are court Ladies, I confesse,
Signior *Valerio* this was your plot.

Val. My pure intention, Madam, to doe your
Service, I knew they were not for his pallate;
These will inflame his appetite to you,
And set you off, meere foiles to you, doe they
Looke as they were ambitious to be
Compar'd with you.

Fia. Noble Sir, although
I have not beautie like these Ladies.

Ho. How? you ha' not beautie, take heed doe not
Your selfe unthankfull to wise nature, do not (shew
They ha' not wealth enough in all their bodies
To purchase such a nose.

Mac. Ha, ha.

Ho. Ha, ha, good Madam Kicksha w,
That laugh to shew how many teeth you have.

Val. Be not uncivill Sir.

Ho. Why does that Fayrie grin then?
Ile justifie there is more worth, and beautie,
Consider'd wisely, and as it preserves
Man in his wits, and sence, than can be read
Ith volumne of their flattering Generations.
Good Madam looke a squint a little more,
So, keepe but that cast with your eies, and tell me
Whose sight is best, hers that can see at once
More severall waies then there are points ith Com-
Or theirs that lookes but point-blancke. (passe,

Mac. A new way
To commend the eies.

Ho. You thinke your fore-head pleases.
Whose top with frizled, and curld haire beset;
Appeares like a white cliffe, with reeds upon't;
Your nose, which like an *Isthmus* parts two Seas.

Aur. Seas? you meane eies agen.

Val. What of their nose?

Ho. Will be in danger, with continuall beating
Of waves, to wash the paint off, and in time

May

May fall, and put you to the charge of building
A silver bridge for praises to passe over.
Mac. We'l barre your commendations.
Ho. It sha'not need.
I doe not melt my wits to verse upon
Such subject, here's an instrument to smell with,
Tough as an Elephants trunke, and will hold water.
Val. It has a comely length, and is well studded
With gems of price, the gold-smith wo'd bid money (for't.
Aur. Is he not mad?
Ho. I can assure you no,
And by this token I would rather be
Condemn'd to th Gallies, then be once in love
With either of your phisnomies.
Mac. Is't possible?
Ho. You may put your whole faith upon't.
Val. Dee beleeve him?
Madam.
Aur. Methinkes this is the prettiest mirth,
You have a mighty wit, could you be angry
I love you for't.
Mac. His humor takes me infinitely.
Ho. It does, and you doe love me for't?
Mac. Most strangely.
Ho. I would you did, and heartily.
Mac. What?
Ho. Love me.
Mac. So well, I could be happy in thy wife.
Ho. Could Fate make me so miserable if I did not
In lesse than a sennight breake thy heart, shu'dst
Cuckold me at my owne perill.
Val. This Lady has
A mightie estate.
Ho. Tis all the fault she has,
Would she had none, had she no house, nor clothes,
Nor meanes to feed, yet I would sooner marry,
Observe, this naked salvage, then embrace
The fairest woman of the earth, with power
To make me Lord of *Italy*, I should alwayes

Enjoy

Enjoy my health.

Val. Her very face would keepe
Your bodie soluble.

Ho. No feares compell me
To be a prisoner to my dining-roome,
I might hawke, hunt, and travell to both *Indies*,

Aur. Give any Doctor leave to give her Phisicke.

Mac. Or change of Ayre.

Val. Save much in your owne diet,
Which else would call for Amber-greece, and rootes,
And stirring cullices.

Aur. You might allow her
To visit Maskes and Playes.

Val. And the Bordellos,
I thinke she would be honest.

Ho. And thats more
Then any Christian conscience dare assure
By oath on your behalfe — to be short Ladies,
Howe're you may interpret it my humour,
Mine's a *Platonicke* love, give me the soule,
I care not what course flesh, and blood inshrine it;
Preserve your beauties, this will feare no blasting:
I beg you call me servant.

Aur. Did you heare him?

Fia. You must acknowledge then *I* am your Mistresse.

Ho. *I*le weare your Perriwig for my Plume, and boast
More honour int, than to be minion
To all the Ladies of the Court, deere Mistresse
If you can love a man, jeere 'em a little.

Fia. Faire Ladies will you in, and taste a banquet,
Be not discountenanc'd that this Gentleman
Is merrie with your beauties, the Spring lasts
Not all the yeare, when nature that commands
Our regiment will say, faces about,
We may bee in fashion, no controwling destiny.
Passion, who curld your haire? here wanteth powder,
Who is your Mercer, Madam? *I* would know
What your cheeke stands you in a weeke in Taffata?
Your face at distance shewes like spotted Ermine.

Ho. Or like a diſh of white-broth ſtrew'd with Cummin.
Fia. Right ſervant, that was a more proper ſimily,
Diſcretion ſhould ha put more ceruſe here,
Your fucus was ill made, d'ee you not lie
In a maske all night, Madam.
Va. Thou doſt in a vizard
I will be ſworne how the rude Gipſie triumphs.
Ho. Enough, they now begin to ſwell, and ſweate,
Let's leave 'em. *Exeunt.*
Va. What a *Hecate* was this?
Will you not be reveng'd?
Aur. Yes, if we knew
By what convenient ſtratagem,
Va. I have it,
There is another creature of my acquaintance,
If you have faith more monſtrous then this beldam,
I will poſſeſſe her with this gentlemans humor,
And skrew her up to be this witches rivall, what thinke you
Au. Will it not make her mad? (of that?
Ma. I wo'd goe a pilgrimage to ſee't, twill be
A mirth beyond the Beares.
Au. Loſe no time then.
Val. I'le fit him with a female fury, ſuch
As the Divell with a pitch-forke will not touch.
Come Madam. *Exit.*

Enter Leontio, Euphemia.

Leo. Have comfort Madam,
I prophecy your ſufferings are ſhort-liv'd.
Eup. You meane I ſhall die ſhortly.
Leo. We ſhall find
Leſſe want of all the Starres, the aged World
May ſpare their light, while 'tis poſſeſt of yours,
Which once extinguiſh'd, let thoſe golden fires
Quite burne themſelves to aſhes, in whoſe heape
Day may be loſt, and frighted heaven weare blacke
Before the generall doome. have bolder thoughts,
And bid us all live in your onely ſafety.

Eup.

Eup. Let not your fancy mocke the loſt *Euphemia*?

Leo. Let not the apprehenſion of your ſorrow
Deſtroy your hope, ſhould the *Duke* never wake
His ſences ſteep'd in his adulterate lethargy,
You cannot want protection, nor your will
To be reveng'd, an arme to puniſh his
Contempt of ſo much beauty.

Eup. How my Lord?

Leo. What *Scithian* can behold an outrage done
Upon theſe eyes, and not melt his rough nature
In ſoft compaſſion to attend your teares?

Eup. My Lord I know not with what words to thanke
Your feeling of my ſufferings. I will now
Beleeve I am not loſt to all the World,
You are noble, and I muſt be confident
Theſe ſtreames flow from your charity.

Leo. Doe not injure
The unvalued wealth of your owne honour Madam,
Let poore deſerts be worth our charity,
All ſacrifice of greife for you is Juſtice,
And duty to the Alter of your merrit,
Theſe drops are pale, and poorely ſpeake my heart,
Which ſhould diſſolve into a purple flood,
And drowne this little Iland in your ſervice,
Name ſome imployment that you may beleeve
With what true ſoule I honour you, oh Madam
If you could read the Volume of my heart,
You would find ſuch a ſtory of you there.

Eup. Of me?

Leo. Tis that keepes me alive, I have noe uſe
Of memory, or reaſon, but in both
To exerciſe devotion to your excellence.

Eup. My Lord I underſtand you not.

Leo. You are
More apprehenſive if you wod but thinke ſo,
In vaine I ſtill ſuppreſſe my darke thoughts Madam,
Which in their mutiny to be reveal'd
Have left a heape of ruines worth your pity.
Oh doe not hide that beauty ſhould repaire

What my love to it hath decay'd within me,
For I muſt ſay I love, although you kill
My ambition with a frowne, and with one angry
Lightning, ſhot from your eye, turne me to aſhes.
Eup. Good heaven!
Leo. I know what you will urge againſt me,
You ſhannot need to arme your paſſion,
I will accuſe my ſelfe, how much I have
Forgot the diſtance of one place beneath you,
And wounded my obedience, that I am
Falſe to the *Duke*, the truſt impoſ'd upon me,
And to his favor which have made me ſhine
A Starre, on whom the other emulous lights
Looke pale, and waſt their envies, I confeſſe
I have not in the ſtocke of my deſert
Enough to call one bounteous ſmile upon me,
My whole life is not worth your liberall patience,
Of one, one minute ſpent in prayer to ſetue it,
Yet after all wiſh'd deſtiny commands
The poore *Leontio* to love *Euphemia*.
Eup. What doe I heare? conſider ſir, againe.
Le. I have had contentions with my blood, & fore'd
Nature retire, and tremble with the guilt
Of her proud thoughts, ſeeking to make eſcape
Through ſome ungent lebreatch made by our conflict
But noe prevailing againſt love, and fate,
Which both decree, me loſt without your mercie.
Oh bid me live, who but in your acceptance
Shall grone away my breath, and whither till
I turne my owne ſad monument.
Eup. Noe more,
Iſt poſſible new miſeries ſhould oretake
Euphemia? Oh my Lord! with what offence
Have I deſerv'd, after my weight of ſorrow,
Your wounds upon my honour? call agen
Your noble thoughts, and let me not reply
To your vnjuſt deſires, if I muſt anſwer them,
Take my moſt fixt reſolve, ere I conſent
To wrong *Diovifio*.

Leo. Stay.
Eup. May I be blasted,
Though with contempt he looke upon me now,
His blood may cleare, and he returne to challenge
Euphemias piety, our vow was made
For life my Lord, and heaven shall sooner fall,
And mixing with the elements make new *Chaos*,
Then all mans violence, and wrath upon me
Betray one thought to breake it.
Leo. Loose not all
Your peace at once, vouchsafe I may waite on you.
Eup. I know my prison.
Leo. Let me hope in this,

Enter Pallante.

My pardon seal'd *Pallante* ?
Pall. My good Lord.
Leo. Your humble creature Madam, though the *Duke*
Confine your person, thinke upon your prisoner.
Exeunt Euphemia, and Pall.
Our vow was made for life, 'twas so how swift
An apprehension love has but hee's *Duke*;
Conscience be waking, I shall lanch into
A Sea of blood els, steere my desperate soule
Diviner goodnes.

Enter Pallante agen.

How I start at shaddowes ?
Love take me to thy charmes, and prosper me
Pallante thou art faithfull.
Pall. To you my Lord,
May I be ever els condemn'd to an Hospitall.
Leo. And darst assist to make me happy.
Pall. Yes,
Though with the hazard of my throat-cutting,
I hope Sir, you suspect not, name an action
Though it looke n ere so gastly, see how much
I'le tremble at it.

Leo. In thy care.
Pall. Once more —
Tough ſervice i'th beginning, may I not thinke on't?
Leo. Yes.
Pall. And aske my ſelfe a queſtion ere I anſwere.
Leo. You may.
Pal. At firſt dash kill the Duke, no leſſe
To begin withall, how now *Leontio*?
Was there no other life but this, for ſaving
Of mine ſo often? he has truſted me,
To whom ſhall I turne traitor? pray my Lord,
Are you in earneſt? would you have this done?
Leo. Aske one, whom tyrannie hath chain'd to th'oare,
For ever forfeited to ſlaverie,
Whether he would not file off his owne bondage,
And in the blood of him that owns the Gally
Swimme to his freedome.
Pall. Doe you apprehend it
So neceſſary? why ile doe my poore endeavour,
Nay, tis but modeſt, if't concerne your Lordſhip
In that degree, ile doo't, you will have ſome
Convenient care of me, when tis diſpatcht,
He ſcorn'd my valiant Baſſe, I thought upon't,
You are the next in blood, when *Dionyſio*
Viſits the wormes.
Leo. Thou giv'ſt me a new life,
With the ſame care ile cheriſh thee *Pallante*.
Pall. And you doe not,
It is not the firſt conſcience hath been caſt
Away in a great mans ſervice, cheere your heart Sir.
Leo. It is not mine *Pallante*, I have loſt
The uſe, and ſway, tis to anothers growne,
And I have but the ruines of my owne.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus tertii.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Horatio, and Fiametta, dancing a Coranto.

Ho. SO, ſo, now let's releeve our lungs a while,
They'l tire, *I* nere met with ſuch a dancing Divell,
My Deſtinies take me to your charge, 'twill give
Us breath, if the Muſitians exerciſe
Their voice upon the ſong I made, come ſit.
Fia. You ſhall command me ſervant, now, the ſong.

Song.

Enter Servant.

Ser. The Lady *Aurelia*, Madam, and *Macrina*
Are come agen to viſit you.
Fia. I am not
In tune for their diſcourſe, ſay, *I* am buſie.
Ho. By no meanes, ſhe has a plot upon me.
Fia. Then ile meet em.
Ho. Do not feare but I am fortified;
Here were a purchaſe now, and penſion with
A Miſtreſſe, many a proper mans profeſſion,
Nature meant ſhe ſhould pay for't, and maintaine
A man in fidlers, fooles, and running-horſes,
Here were no feare of any Lords returne
From Tennis, no ſuſpition at home,
To force her to a politicke pilgrimage
To trie the vertue of ſome well, no kinſmen,
With lookes to keepe the fleſh in awe, no children
To cry, and fright the houſe, their mothers ſmother'd.

Enter Fiametta, Aurelia, Macrina.

They are here.

Mac.

Mac. I wonder at *Valerios* stay.

Aur. He wo'not be long absent, never feare madam.

Ho. Ladies, I have no power to bid you welcome,
Or if I had you wod scarce thanke me for t,
You know my mind already.

Enter Scolopendra led by Valerio.

Aur. See hee's come,
And his *Beare* with him.

Val. Signior,
You see what care I have to provide for you,
There is not such another dapple-mare i'th Dukedome,
Unlesse this face content you, you may stay
Till the *Cretan* Lady goe to Bull againe,
Or *Africke* have more choice of Monsters for you.

Ho. I am ravish'd.

Fia. How's that servant, ha? a rivall.

Ho. Pray whats her name?

Val. Her name is *Scolopendra*.

Ho. Scolopendra? I have read of her, what kinne is she
To the Serpent with a hundred legges?

Val. I know not
But she is Cosen-germane to the *Salamander*
She was a Cooke-maide once, so inu'rd to fire,
And tough, the flames of hell will hardly scortch her.

Ho. An admirable Dragon, can she speake?
Will she not spit fire if I should salute her?
Ile venter.

Val. He has preservative
Against the odor of her lungs.

Aur. He had need
Of fortification for his eyes.

Ho. Not all
The spices in *Arabia* are like
Her breath.

Val. Oh Sir, beleev't, right *Styx*, most pure *Avernus*.

Sco. Sir, I did never see a Gentleman
Whom I did wish more heartily my husband.

Val. To beget Scorpions on her.

Ho.

Ho. Thanke thee my precious *Scolopendra*, but
I have a kind of feare thou wot be unconſtant,
Shall noe man get thee from me, here's a face
Is worth my jealouſie, and who lookes upon't,
But with my eyes will be as mad as I am.

Sco. The needles not more conſtant to the North.

Po. But for all that, the needles wavering
I would be certaine,

Fia. They conſpir'd to wrong me,
I feare hee's taken with hes more deformity,
Will you forſake me ſervant?

Ho. Hum ſtand off,
And give my eyes play further yet, your ſhadowes
Are yet to neate — my judgment is confounded,
Conſider one thing with another, they are both
Such matchles toads, I know not which to chooſe:
You have an excellent eye, but there's a pearle
In hers, noe Gold-ſmith knowes the value on't.

Fia. Obſerve the colours in my eye.

Ho. Y'are right Madam,
As many, and more bright then thoſe i'th raine-bow
Delightfull as the Parrats plume, but then
Her for-head ———

Va. So like a promontory or —

Ho. A Feild of Hony-ſuckles, and Poppy-flowers
Embroder'd with Dazies, and emboſſ'd
With Yellow-warts which like to Mole-hills ſwell,

Va. Where many Emmets hunt, and ſport themſelves
I'th Sunne, till to her haire a quickſet hedge
I'th evening they retire.

Ho. But twixt her eyes
You may diſcerne a Forreſt ſome higher timber
Is ſo well growne, that faſhion'd on the top
With ſciſſers, and cut poynted like a pyramide,
The World will take her for an Unicorne.

Aur. Good beetle-browes.

Sco. Sir, you muſt be my champion.

Va. Examine but this noſe.

Sco. I have a toter.

Va. Which plac'd with symmetry is like a Fountaine
I'th middle of her face — distilling Rhewme,
And at two spouts doth water all her Garden.
Ho. But here's one soft as 'twere compos'd of wax.
Aur. A nose of wax.
Mac. It will melt presently.
Ho. Not stubborne, but submits to any shape,
Sheele put upon't round, flat when she is pleas'd
She can extend, and hang it with such art
Over her mouth, that when she gapes into
The Sunne, and shewes her Teeth, you will imagine
You see a perfect Dyall in her Chaps,
To tell you what a clocke tis, then her Lips.
Va. I see not so much red there, as will make
A Dominicall Letter, looke upon these Cheekes —
Sco. I never painted, Sir.
Va. Here's red enough.
Ho. Which hideously dispos'd, and mixt with blacke,
The ground of her complexion will mortefie
The most unnaturall concupiscence,
While her cheekes represent in curious Land-schape,
Gomorrah, and her sister *Sodome* burning.
Va. That comparison was home.
Ho. But she has a breath, —
A more preservative then *Methridate*
Va. But with one kisse she will preserve you from
The infection, and with stronger force repell
The poyson of the Ayre.
Sco. I thanke you sir,
I have a strong breath 'indeed
Va. When she is moov'd
Sheele kill you with her phlegme, sower score point blancke,
The innocent part of it will staine a Marble,
Let me alone to commend thee.
Fia. She carries not destruction like my tongue
Employd upon thy enemies *Horatio*.
The Bells rung backwards, or the Mandrakes cry,
Wolves howling at the Moone, the Scritch-owles dirge,
The Hiens voice, the groanes of parting soules,

Added

Added to these, what is in nature killing.
To the eare is not more fatall then my tongue
When it is bent on mischeife, shall I blast
This Witch to begin withall?

Sco. Blast me?

Va. Belch back-wards,
And then shee's a dead woman.

Sco. I'le teare your Snakes.

Fia. Mine *Hecate*.

Va. Well said *Scolopendra*.

Ho. They wonot skirmish.

Va. The Divells will runne at tilt.

Au. Madam suffer this?

Fia. Compare with me?

Va. Sa, sa, sa, now sound a point of Warre.

Enter a servant.

Ser. Madam the *Duke*.

Va. His grace has spoild the duell,
And we must sound retreat.

All goe forth but Fiam. Enter Duke, Silvio, Ascanio, Valerio returns, and falls in with the rest.

Du. We trusted to your art about *Ardelia*,
She makes noe hast to our delight.

Fia. And please
Your highnes I have had a strange hand with her,
And I must tell you she was peevy continuing
Untill the stranger came.

Du. What stranger.

Fia. Signior *Bentivolio*
Nay I know nothing by 'em, but he has
A most prevailing tongue upon a gentle woman.

Du. My feares! have I advanc'd him to supplant me?

Va. Bentivolio so gracious with the *Duke*?

Sil. Hee's courted next *Ardelia*.

Asc. Tis for her
We may imagine the *Duke* graces him.

Va. Oh there is noe such instrument beleeve it,
As a Court-Lady to advance a gentleman,
Or any masculine bulkes, they are Sticklers

Enter Bentivolio.

Du. No more. Signior *Bentivolio.*
Fia. Where's *Horatio.*
Va. He was a fraid you might kill one another,
And so hee's gon to hang himselfe.
Fia. Better all
Thy generation were executed, but I must to my charge.
Ben. Your highnes powers
Such infinite graces on me I shall want
Life to expresse my pious duties, though
Time should assure me ages.
Du. Thanke *Ardelia*,
Or if you would expresse your gratitude
To me.
employ your wit, and tongue, to gaine
That Lady to our close embrace, you have
A powerfull language, be it your first service
We doe not place this confidence on all.
Ben. You meane *Ardelia*;

Enter Strozzi.

Du. That faire one, *Strozzi.*
Va. Well Signior *Bentivolio*, my quondam
Friend, and fellow traveller, you owe
To me a part of your Court exaltation,
And least you should forget, as few great men
Are guilty of good memories, I meane
To pay my selfe.
Ben. I must not appeare troubled.
Va. I congratulate your favor, with the *Duke*,
And thinke it, not the least of my owne happines
That I was a poore instrument——
Ben. You honour'd me,
And shall command my services; how sped
My friend *Horatio*?
Va. He gave me thankes
Tha fitted him, you mist excellent sport.

Ben. I ſhall have time to enquire, and thanke you for
The Storie, you know how to excuſe me friend,
If ſome engagements force me hence? *Exit.*
Va. Why ſo.
He has the tricke already, full of buſines,
Court agitations, he is yet ſcarce warme.
How will he uſe us when his pride boyles over?
A nod will be a grace, while we ſtand bare,
And thanke him for the ruffling of his countenance,
And diſcompoſing his Court face, that's bound
Upon ſome State affaires, 'tis very well.
Du. Give him acceſſe, thou haſt ſhew'd diligence,
And truſt me to reward it.
Str. Tis my duty ſir. *Exit Strozzi.*
Va. I have ſome intelligence will be worth your hearing too.
Du. Speake Signior *Valerio.*
Va. Doe you know the gentleman
Whom you have grac'd ſo lately.
Du. Signior *Bentivolio.*
Va. That's his name, but doe you know his nature?
Or his buſines in theſe parts.
Du. Prethee inſtruct me.
Va. You doe but warme a Serpent in your boſome.
In ſhort he loves your Miſtres.
Du. Ho's?
Va. More is contracted,
And they both practiſe cunning. I ha' ſearch'd
His heart — your eare —
Sil. The *Duke* ſeemes moov'd.
Aſc. Moſt ſtrangely!

Enter Strozzi, Bullante.

Du. Expect a while.
Str. Humbly your graces pleaſure.
Va. Your highnes ſhall not waſt a paſſion,
I am of counſell with his thoughts, and will
Preſent him ripe to your juſt anger, truſt me
To manage things a while.

Duk. Honest *Valerio.*

Val. Keepe your face smooth least he interpret Sir,
I ha' betraid him, ere his head be readie
For the execution, it were necessary
I should examine her pulse too.

Duk. *Ardelia's?*

Val. I'le creepe into her soule to bring you all
The best intelligence.

Duk. Precious *Valerio!*
Endeare me by this service, thou hast my heart.

Val. My dutie shall preserve it.

Duk. *Strozzo.*

Str. This is the gentleman, an't please
Your highnesse, can discover most strange things.

Duk. To your private eare.

Enter Ardelia.

Duk. *Ardelia?* my best health,
Deare as my soule, I cannot be long absent. *Exit.*

Val. So, how shall I begin now?
Madam, I have a suit to you.

Ard. To me
Noble *Valerio*, be confident
For your owne worth, if any power of mine
Can serve your wish, you shall not finde me slow
To exercise it.

Val. Yes, tis in your power.

Ard. Presume tis finisht then.

Val. In your free power,
Without the Duke, or other to confirme it.
Y'are flesh, and blood.

Ard. What meane you?

Val. No other than I say, nor wish it other,
A woman is a partner in the frailty
Of humane nature, and knowes how to excuse
The errors of our blood, and yet you shall
Have cause to give me thanks, when you consider
My sence, and your owne state, what dee thinke

Of me?

Ard. For what?

Val. For what you pleaſe to call it, .
My perſons not contemptible, though I be
No Duke, *I* can behave my ſelfe to pleaſe
Where *I* am accepted.

Ard. Whats your purpoſe Signior?

Val. You cannot ſure be ignorant of my meaning.
Theres not a girle of ſeaven yeares old but will
Expound it readily, here we ſucke this language
And our milke together, *I* could have us'd
More circumſtance, have prais'd you into folly,
And when I had put out both your eies with Metaphors,
Lead you to my deſires, and to your pillow:
But 'twas about, *I* could have ſaid, I lov'd you,
Lookd ſad, and ſqueez'd my eies, have ſigh'd perhaps,
And ſworne my ſelfe quite over breath, that *I*
Thought you a Saint, and my heart ſuffer'd more
Than the ten perſecutions, hang't time's precious,
I take the neereſt way, which your diſcretion
Will like me for, yet *I* can love you too,
And would for thy embrace forget ſo much
Goodneſſe, and tempt as many miſchiefes as
Another man, I hope you underſtand me.

Ard. I am loſt, and ſee a blacke conſpiracie.

Val. You ſhall ſee me naked, I ha' no conſpiracies,
Carrie no private engines more than nature
Arm'd me withall, be wiſe and doe not tremble.

Ar. How dare you be thus inſolent? though my per-
Move you to no regard, you ſhall finde one, ſon
Will teach you manners.

Val. You would meane the Duke now.

Ar. Has that name no more reverence owing to it?

Val. Yes, *I* deſire no better judge, he I heare
Us both, and equally determine all;
Let's to his highneſſe ſtreight.

Ar. What meanes this rudeneſſe?

Va. You are the Dukes game-royall, or els ſhould
Be the miſtris of his thoughts, whoſe nod does make

Us

Us tremble, and in time may be the *Dutchesse*,
Unles your sweete heart *Bentivolio*
Snap you before him.
Ar. Ha?
Va. What fine netts you walke in,
You are noe jugler, ther's has past noe contract
Betwixt you, and the gallant, no? and while,
The honest easie *Duke*, whose spirit raise not,
Doates on that face, humbled beneath a subject,
You have noe private meetings, change no kisses,
Nor hot carreers, alas hee's but a Stranger
Whom you respect but for the bare resemblance
Of a dead brother, there's noe flame in you
But what lights you to charity; I waste breath,
The *Duke* is yet that tame thing, you ha' left him,
His soule in a dreame, let not your folly,
And peevish opposition to receive
Me to your armes, wake him into a tempest,
The lightning cannot moove more nimbly, then
His rage to both your deaths, your *Ganimede*
Will find the *Dukes* revenge in his hot blood,
When his heart weeping the last drope shall have
Noe pity waite upon 'em, that durst feed
The rivall to a Prince, though common men
For want of power, and courage to revenge
Neglect their shame, wild Princes that know all things,
Beneath their feete but heaven, obey noe fate,
And but to be reveng'd will hazard that.
Ar. I am undone for ever.
Va. Not so Madam,
You shall lead destiny in cords of Silke,
And it shall follow tame, and to your pleasure,
The *Duke* knowes nothing yet, you shall seale up
My lip to eternall silence of your love,
If I may but injoy you, you shall rule
With the same sway his bosome, and possesse
Your wealth in *Bentivolio* too, I me but
A friend or rather servant, that shall be
Proud of your smile, and now, and then admitted

To kisse you when the Curtaines drawne, and so forth.
Ar. Who plac'd me on this precipice sir, heare me,
Tis vaine to aske how you derived the knowledge
Of what I thought concealed, you are a gentleman.
Va. That does appeare by my desires.
Ar. Have yet some mercy
On a distressed maid.
Va. Maid? thanke you for that, I wo'd you were
Indeed, virginity is wiser then
Men take it for, and therefore we distinguish,
There is one virginity in the wedge, or bullion
As we may say, and this we call lunor maiden-head,
And there's another in the coine, the gold
Is not lesse gold for the impression,
Your maiden-head is current in this fence,
And in this maiden-fence you may give Milke.
Ar. By all the goodnes that I wish were in you,
Not *Benivolio*, whom you thinke I most
Affect, hath more of me then virgin knowledge,
Nor hath the *Duke* with all his flatteries
Wrong'd my first State, although I must confesse
He every day expects my fall from vertue,
Doe not you more sir, then the divell could,
Taking advantage of my wretched fortune,
Betray me to a shame will kill us both,
In fame, and soule.
Va. In fame? who shall reveale it?
And tother may repent.
Ar. Sir, can you kill me?
Va. No, no I sha'not hurt thee, women are not kil'd
That way, I meane to skirmish, come you may
Save all with little study, and lesse hazard.
What is the toy we talke of? eyther resolve
Or the *Duke* knowes all, and perhaps more.
Ar. Stay sir.
Va. Yes, yes Madam I can stay, and be till
To morrow for the sport, I am not so hot
But I can bath, and coole my selfe.
Ar. Can you

Be just hereafter if to buy my owne,
And my friends safety at so deare a value.
Va. I'le cut my tongue out e're reveale my tongue,
All my concupiscence, and the cause, I will
Submit to thy owne carving; feare not me,
I hate a blab worse then an honest woman,
Why so? this wisdome is becoming thee,
Noe blubbering, kisse me, and be confident,
A prety rogue, to morrow shall we meete?
Ar. Woe is me to morrow.
Va. No, thou shalt laugh to morrow,
I'le come to thy owne lodginge, that's but reason,
Far-well, another kisse, be comforted,
And safe, the *Duke* knowes nothing, all shall live,
And wee'le be very loving, mighty merry.
Ar. I must doe something to prevent this Divell.
Exit Ardelia.
Va. Why so, this bargaine was well made, and timely,

Enter Leonistus.

Leo. I have noe peace within me, till I heare
How bould *Pallante* thrives, oh love upon
What desperate actions dost thou engage us?
With scorne of opposition, like a fire
Which till it turne all that his flame can meete with
Into it selfe, expires not; faire *Euphemia!*
Bright in thy sorrowes, on whom every teare
Sits like a wealthy Diamond, and inherits
A Starry lustre from the eye that weeps it,
The *Duke* must die: have I betray'd my selfe?
Va. Hold, my Lord you know me.
Leo. For *Valerio*,
But must hand-backe that secrecy, 'twas not ment
So early for thy knowledge, from thy bosome
I'le teare or drowne it in thy blood, past search
Of dangerous intelligence.
Va. Hold my Lord,
You shall not needs,

Think's my Lord I know
The World, and how to keepe a secret too,
Though treason be contain'd in't, I am not
So holy as you take me, my good Lord
For some ends of my owne, I wish the *Duke*
In another World as heartely as your Lordship,
And will assist to his conveyance thither,
Though I be quarter'd for't, that's faire, and friendly,
You love *Euphemia*, why tis not amisse,
I love *Ardelia*, (I trust you my Lord)
You for the wife, I for the concubine,
How could the *Duke* being in heaven, hurt me now?
You are his kinsman, were his favourite.

Leo. How's that?

Va. Oh sir, there is a gentleman my rivall,
One *Benivolio* got a round above you
In favour ——

Leo. He shall die.

Va. No, let him live
A litle while, to kill his highnes first,
And take your owne time then to mine the ladder.

Enter Benivollo.

Leo. Thou talkst a mistery.

Va. It shall be cleare,
Be advis'd, and second me my honor'd friend,
You, and my Lord be more familiar.

Leo. Sir, I shall serve you.

Ben. Make me happy
My Lord, by your commands.

Va. Ardelia
Your Mistris is in health —— nay be not stirrd,
I have done you a curtesie by acquainting
My Lord how things stand, and intoth he pities you.
We have had a counsell meerely concern'd you,
And the poore gentlewoman, whom the *Duke* has not
Yet lur'd to sin.

Ben. I know not how to thanke you.

Va. Hee's next heire to'th Dukedome, and has power
When his grace dies——imagine, a sweet soule
May I perish in my hopes, if his eyes did not
Melt when I told thy story, and how much
The innocent Lady suffered.
Ben. I am bound
Much to his goodnes.
Leo. Sir I would doe more
Then pity your just cause.
Va. Nay we ha' cast it,
And so much above blood, and state, has vertue
Impression in his heart, he can forget
And thinke the *Duke* a dead man.
Ben. Excellent Lord!
Leo. I am ashamed, and trust me have applied
What my poore learning could affect, to coole
His riotous blood, but hee's incorrigible,
And now more desperately bent then ever.
Ben. To Violate her?
Leo. I blush to say't, nor will
Your person be long safe.
Va. Well interpos'd.
Ben. He shines on me with bounteous smiles.
Leo. They are dangerous,
And but engage you to a greater mine,
You stand discover'd.
Va. That's my wonder sir,
Dee thinke your friend *Horatio* has not wrong'd you.
In's drinke perhaps——some men are such spongies,
A child may squeeze their soule out.
Ben. You fright my sences,
I doe now suspect, the *Dukes* command toward *Ardelia*
Va. Wisdome must prevent, (confirmes it
I know thou hast a daring spirit, we
Are friends, tis clearely our opinion
You should by Steele or Poyson——you conceive me
For your owne safety, and your wives, I call her so.
Whose life, and honour lies a bleeding, tis
Nothing to me, my Lord I told you, is;

Next heire, and cannot but in conscience pardon you.

Leo. Twere pity thou shouldst suffer more.

Ben. But dare
Your Lordship meane this.

Leo. Be confirm'd.

Ben. Your counsells
Have met a spirit, apt in my revenge
To flie upon the world, *I* hope *I* shall
Be constru'd in his death, to have done your Lordship
Noe great discourtesie, being next heire,

Va. Tis to be understood.

Leo. The Dukedome made
Mine by his death, is nothing to the Crowne
Of faire *Ardelias* love, in whose free bosome
My pardon, and best wishes shall soone plant thee
Past the divorce of tirants.

Ben. I am new
Create, and build my hopes upon your honour. *Exit.*

Leo. They are secur'd dost thinke hee's firme, and daring.

Va. If he kill not the *Duke* — i'le cut his throate,
He sha'not scape howe're, if *I* have braines
I must have all his venison to my selfe,
I'le spare nor hanuch nor humbles, oh my Lord
Be confident if he meete the *Duke*, and time
Though it cost him a dayes Journey, hee'le goe thorough him
Tis his owne cause; he was wound up discreetely,
You doe not by this time repent your secret.
I can be wicked upon good occasion,
The divell sha'not part us now.

Leo. Be constant,
And meete the truest friend,

Va. Meete at a wench
Till then your humble servant.

Leo. My fate smiles
Conscience steeres not ambition by what's good,
Who lookes at crownes or lust, must smile at blood. *Exit.*

Finis Actus quarti.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Ardelia, Fiametta.

Fia. HE will no longer be put off with ceremony,
You must consent this night to his embrace,
Or take what followes Madam:
Ar. I am lost,
And every minutes sild with new despaires,
It is in your power to perswade him yet.
Fia. I have said too much already.
Ar. Say *I* am not
In health, poore refuge!
Fia. Not in health the *Duke*
Shall give you physicke — there be Ladies no
Dispraise to your beauty, wo'd be sicke a purpose
To have the *Duke* their Doctor.
Ar. What can cure
My sicke fate? oh my heart, poore *Bentivolio*,
On what high going waves do we two saile,
Without a Starre or Pilot to direct
Our reeling barke? *Valerio* too expects
A blacke reward for silence, he is here,

Enter Valerio.

Already? doe not leave me *Fiametta*,
I charge thee by thy duty to his highnes.
Fia. Why what's the matter?
Va. Let me pay a duty
To her white hand, whom the *Duke* onely honors,
You looke not with a cheareful countenance Madam.
Ar. I am not well my Lord.
Va. I am exelent at

restoring

Restoring health, send of *Tosphoene*
I wo'd not have her Picture i'th roome
When we are at generation.
Ar. Shee's commanded
To stay here.
Va. How? commanded? Madam *I* have
Commission to impart some private meanings
From his highnes to this Lady,
Fia. And *I* have
Order, this my Lady have no such conference,
But *I* must be a witnes.
Va. You will not
Contest *I* hope, and dispute my authority,
VVhat an officious fury 'tis? how shall *I*
Be rid on her? Madam you see this Ring,
A friend of yours signior *Horatio* *whispers with*
Desires another meeting by this token. *Fiametta.*
Fia. VVhere is my noble servant?
Va. But you must
Expresse your love in making haste. *I* knew
Although for mirth *I* flatter'd *Scolopendra*,
That you would carry him, but loose no time.
Fia. Lend me thy wings sweet love to flie to him. *Exit.*
Va. Flie to the Divell, he wants a companion.
I'le shut the dore after your beldamship,
And trust my selfe with hey.
Ar. You doe not meane
To play the ravisher my Lord.
Va. As if
You mean't to put me too't, *I* have your promise
And where consents meete in the act of love,
The pleasures multiply to infinite.
Ar. Infinite horror! yet my Lord, be a man.
Va. You shall not doubt that Madam, if you will
Apply your selfe discreetly, we loose time,
Although *I* be no *Duke*, *I* can present thee
VVith all the pleasures, appetite can wish for
VVithin Loves empire, when you know me Madam,
You will repent this tedious ignorance,

And

And not exchange my perſon, to claſpe with
The greateſt Prince alive, Chriſtian or Infidell,
Though I commend my ſelfe, I ha' thoſe wayes
To pleaſe a Lady.

Ar. Wayes to pleaſe the Divell?

Va. You wo'not be coy now!

Ar. My Lord I know,
At leaſt I hope, howere you ſpeake a language
Rather to fright then court a womans thoughts,
(Not yet acquainted with her owne diſhonor)
You have ſome love within your heart.

Va. Canſt thou
Suſpect it? wo't thou ſee my heart?
Give me a fort-nights warning, and let me
But all that while poſſeſſe thy love, and thoſe
Delights t'oprompt thee too, I'le wiſh to live
No longer, get what ſurgeon thou wo't
To cut me to a *Skeleton*, not love thee?

Ar. Then by that love my Lord, I muſt deſire you
At this time to deferre your expectation,
And leave my Chamber.

Va. Quit the Chamber Madam?

Ar. If not for love of me, for your owne fifety,
There is danger in your ſtay, for every minute
I do expect a viſite from the *Duke*.

Va. This is ſome tricke, you ſha'not fright me Lady,
I muſt have that I came for.

Ar. Meete it here *Shewes a Piſtoll.*
Licentious divell, I ſhall do a benefit
To the world, in thus removing ſuch a traytor,
To man, and womans honor, you ſhall carry
No tales to his highnes, if thou haſt a ſoule,
Pray, tis my charity to let thee live
Two minutes longer.

Va. Madam, *Ardelia*,
You wo'not uſe me thus,

Ar. Will you pray ſir?

Va. Alas I have forgot, I ha' not pray'd
This tweny yeares at leaſt, I am willing Madam

To

To obey, and quit the Chamber, pardon me,
My ghost may in revenge els, do you a mischeife,
And betray *Bentivolio* to the *Duke*,
But if you let me live, I will be dumbe,
Madam consider a wild flesh, and blood,
And give me leave to spend my rest of life,
Onely in thinking out some fit repentance,
For I will never speake, if you suspect me.

One knocks.

The *Duke* is come already, I am undone
Mercy, and some concealment. *Goes behinde the hangings.*

Bentivolio opens the dore.

Ben. *Ardelia*
Alone, I heard another voyce, with whom
Were you in Dialogue, and the dore so fast?
Ar. It is but your suspition.
Ben. This dissembling
I like not.
Ar. If he know who tis, I shall
Inflame his Jealousie — deere heart appeare
Lesse troubled, do not throw such busie eyes
About the roome, i'le whisper't in thy eare,
The *Duke* ———
Ben. Where?
Ar. There, obscur'd behind the hangings
Upon thy entrance.
Ben. Guilt has made him fearefull,
Oh I am lost, and thou art now not worth
My glorious rescue.
Ar. Softly, by all goodnes
He has not injurd me, and if you durst
But trust our private conference, i'le die
Rather then bring thee ruines of my honor.
Ben. If thou beest yet white, my owne arme secures thee
From all his lust hereafter.
Va Oh, *He wounds Valerio behind*
I am murder'd. *the hangings.*
Ar. What have you done?

Ben. Nothing but kild the *Duke*,
You shall with me?
Ar. Whither?
Ben. No matter where
So we escape the infection of this Ayre. *Exeunt.*

Valerio falls into the Stage.

Va. I am caught in my owne toyles, by the same Engine
I raisd to the *Dukes* death, I fall my selfe,
The mistery of fate, I am rewarded,
And that which was the ranke part of my life,
My blood, is met withall, and tis my wonder
My veines should run so cleere a red, wherein
so much blacke sinne was wont to bathe it selfe,
I wo'd looke up, and beg with my best strength
Of voyce, and heart forgiveness, but heaven's just,
Thus death payes treason, and blood quencheth lust. *Morit.*

Enter Leontio, melancholy. Some cry treason within.

Leo. Although I love, and wish the act of treason
The noise yet comes to neare me.

Enter Strozzi.

Str. Oh my Lord!
The *Duke* is kil'd.
Leo. The *Duke*! by what blacke murderer?
Str. That gives the State another wound, wo cannot
Suspect who was the traytor, so revenge it,
But whosoever was guilty of this paracide,
Is still within the Court, the deeds so fresh
He cannot be farre off.
Leo. Shut up the gates,
And plant a strong guard round about the pallace,
Let none goe forth in paine of death; the divell
Sha'not obscure him here with his blacke wings,
Though he rob Hell to cover us with darknes,
We'le find him under twenty foggs, and drag him
To his just torment.
Str. Y'are his pious successor. *Exit.*

Leo.

Leo. Tis done, and my ambition's satisfied,
Containe my heart, but to which bold assassivate
Pallante or *Benivolio* must I owe
This bloody service.

Enter Pallante.

Pall. I ha' don't my Lord.

Leo. Softly, thou art my brave, and glorious villaine.

Pall. There have beene better titles sir, bestow'd
On men of my desert, the killing of
My lawfull Prince, hath beene esteem'd an act
'Bove the reward of villaine, though I know
I am one, and a monstrous villaine too,
I wo'd not be cal'd so.

Leo. Thou shal't devide
Titles with me, dost thinke i'le not reward it?
Thou art sad.

Pall. I am a litle melancholy
After my worke.

Leo. Dost thou repent thy service?

Pall. Were he alive, i'de kill him agen for you.
Tis not his death that hants my conscience,
But the condition, and State he died in,
That troubles me.

Leo. What State, or what condition?

Pall. When I had taught him to beleeve he was not
Long liv'd, and that your Lordship had by me.
Sent him a writ of ease, for i'le make short.

Leo. Didst thou discover me?

Pall. Why not? I was
To take an order he should n'ere reveale it,
Upon the mention of your name my Lord.
He fetch'd a sigh, I thought would have prevented
My execution on his heart, as if
That were a greater wound then death upon him.
But I, whose resolute soule was deafe to his prayer,
Bath'd in as many teares, as would have wrought
A Marble to compassion, bid him choose
The humor he would die in, and collect
Some thoughts to waite upon him to eternity,

And what doe you thinke he made his choice?

Leo. I know not.

Pall. To die an honest man, no wish to part
The world with faire *Ardelia* in his armes, and give his ghost
But with a thousand groanes, calling upon (up in a wan-
Euphemia to forgive him, to whose vertue (ton kisse.
His soule was going forth, to meete, and seale
To it, a new, and everlasting marriage,
Nay he had so much charity to forgive
You sir, and me, and would have pray'd for us,
But that I sent the message to his bosome
That made him quiet, and so left his highnes
Had he died obstinate in his sinnes, the wanton
Lascivious *Duke* he liv'd, I wo'd not blush for't.

Leo. Why, dost relent for this?

Pall. I find some mutiny
In my conscience, pray my Lord tell me.
Do not you wish it were undone.

Leo. Thou hast
The tremblings of an infant, it exalts
My thoughts to another heaven, *Pallante* thou
Must not leave here, but make *Leontio* owe
His perfect blessing to thy act, goe to
Euphemia, and with thy best art drop
This newes into her eare.

Within. Away with 'em. *Leo.* What tumults that?

Enter Bentivolio, and Ardelia with officers

Off. My Lord we have found the traytor
He does confesse he kil'd the *Duke*.

Pall. Howes that?

Leo. He kil'd the *Duke*? tis *Bentivolio*.

Ben. I did my Lord, you shannot trouble much
Examination, with this hand I sacrific'd
Ferneze, and you ought to call my act
Pious, and thanke me for removing such
A tyrant, whose perfidious breath had heaven
Beene longer patient wo'd have blasted *Parma*.

Leo. And in the confidence of this service done,
You presente your selfe to be rewarded.

Ben. I meant not to have troubled you for that

Had

Had not their force compeld us backe.
Leo. Come neerer.
Ar. I wonder at this noyse of the *Dukes* death;
Valerios tragedy is all that we
Are guilty of, which yet I have conceal'd
From *Bentivolio.*
Leo. Had you no ayde
To this great execution, did you doo't alone?
Ben. Alone, and tis my glory that
Noe hand can boast his fatall wound but mine,
And if you dare be just my Lord.
Leo. Be confident,
There is some mistery in this *Pallante*
Both could not kill the *Duke*, he does accuse
himselfe. *Pall.* I am all wonder my good Lord.
Leo. You are sure tis done. *Ben.* Now you dishonor me,
Dee know blood royall, when you see't, you may
Beleeve that crimson evidence, I hope,
Your Lordship will remember. *Leo.* Feare it not,
But for a time you must be prisoner
To satisfie a little forme upon
My life, no danger shall approach thee, trust
My honor, though I frowne, and call thee traitor
I will study thy preserving next my owne,
Is not this strange *Pallante* that heele take
The guilt upon himselfe, if both have kild him
Noe feare but hee's dead, this foole *Pallante*
Shall quickly by his death secure thy Fate.
Put on a cunning face meane time, and narrowly
Observe the full behaviour of the Court,
But 'specially insinuate with the greatest,
And as they talke of me, declare my passion,
And with what horror, I receavd the death
Of our good *Duke*, my pious zeale to appease
That blessed spirit with his murderers blood,
In care to their owne heads, they will proclaime
Me *Duke*, i'le to *Euphemia*; and by some
Strong art make her my owne. *Pall.* Your grace is prudent.
Leo. Away to'th prison with 'em. *Ar.* Let me beare
Him company my Lord.

Leo. You ſha'not double it
Good Madam miſchiefe, and repent together,
As you are like to bleed, and with full torture,
Howle out your wretched lives for the Dukes murder.
Ar. You are deceiv'd my Lord, we wo'not dye
For that offence.
Leo. You wo'not, glorious ſtrumpet.
Ar. Y'are a moſt
Uncivill Lord, thy birth had not more innocence
To juſtifie thy mother.
Ben. Ile be modeſt,
And ſay, this is not honourable.
Leo. So Sir,
You will have time to talke at your arraignment,
Away with 'em, now to *Euphemia*. *Exit.*

Enter Horatio, and Fiametta.

Fia. Did you not ſend for me, and by this token?
Ho. Follow me not, unleſſe thou wo't ſweare to imitate
What I ſhall lead thee too by my example,
For rather then not be rid of thee, at next
Convenient river I will drowne my ſelfe,
And thinke I goe a Martyr, to be by water.
Cannot a Gentleman be marry'd w'ee,
But you will make him mad?
Fia. Ile never leave thee,
I will petition to the Duke, and plead
A contract.
Ho. Thou't be dam'd then.
Fia. What care I.
Ho. So, I ſhu'd have a bleſſing in this fiend,
This child of darkeneſſe once remov'd, I ſend for thee,
And by a token? I wo'd ſooner ſend
For the hang-man, and pay him double fees
To ſtrangle me, what I endur'd before,
Thinke twas a pennance for ſome mighty ſinne
I had committed, and be quiet now.
Fia. Did you not love me then?
Ho. Love thee? conſider
What thou haſt ſaid, and hang thy ſelfe immediatly,

Ile

Ile sooner dote upon a mare, dost heare me,
A mare with fourescore, and nintorne diseases:
And she the greatest to make up a hundred.
Then harbour one such monstrous thought, thou art
A thing, no Cat that comes of a good kind,
Will keepe thee company, and yet thou look'st
So like a miserable one-grown vermine,
Now I thinke better on't, it is my wonder
Th'art not devour'd quicke, leave me yet.

Fia. Not I Sir,
I know you love me still, all this is but
To try my constancy.

Ho. Art thou so ignorant,
Or impudent, or both? let me intreat thee
But to have something of a beast about thee,
Thy sences in some measure, looke but how
I frowne upon thee, for thy safety therefore,
If thou hast no desire to save my credit,
Abroad, tame thy concupiscence, we draw
All the spectatours but to laugh, and wonder at's,
And I shall be the greater prodegy
For talking so long with thee, wo't be rul'd,
And trudge from whence thou camst, good honest brute,
My humours out of breath, and I ha' done,
But all that's ugly in thy face, or what's
Unseene deformity, I am now in earnest,
And therefore doe not tempt me.

Fia. My decre Signior.
To what?

Ho. Why, after all to beate thee, if
Thou leav'st me not the sooner.

Fia. Are not you
My Servant?

Ho. But in passion I forget things,
And if my Mistresse want discretion,
I shall, in my pure zeale to have her wife,
Beate some into her, most abhominably
Beate her, and make deformity to swell,
She, sha'not get in to her chamber doore.

Ile bruiſe, and make thee up into a ball,
And boyes ſhall kick thee home, doſt thou not feare me?
Fia. Ile endure any thing from thee, my love
Shall thinke no paine a ſuffering, come, kiſſe me
But once, and I will die thy patient martyr.
Ho. She wo'd be kild, to have me hang for her,
Was ever ſuch an impudence in woman?
You that are handſome Ladies, I doe aske
Forgiveneſſe, and beleeve it poſſible
You may be leſſe vexations to men.
Doſt heare? to tell thee truth, for it will out
By ſome, or other, you muſt here diſcharge
Your dotage, for it is but two howers ſince
I was married.
Fia. Married? to whom?
Ho. Toth' tother
Wild beare that courted me, to *Scolopendra*,
She met i'th nicke, and wee clapt up.
And you know tis not conſcience to abuſe
Our honeſt wedlocke.
Fia. I ſhall runne mad.
Ho. Wo'd thou wo'dſt runne into the Sea, and ſee
If I wo'd goe a fiſhing for thee.
Fia. Furies,
Riſe in my braine, and helpe me to revenge.
Ho. I am afraid ſhe'l beate me now.
Fia. Falſe man,
I have not breath enough to raile, and curſe
Thy apoſtacy, how couldſt thou uſe me thus?
But ſeeke ſome ſudden way to be divorc'd,
Or one ſhall dye.
Ho. Wo'd thou wert buried quicke.
Fia. But are
You married, tell me ſweet *Horatio*,
And muſt I weare a willow garland for thee?
Ho. Weare a halter.
Fia. It is not poſſible, thou canſt be ſo
Unkind to me.
Ho. You may beleeve it Madam.

Fia.

Fia. Yet I muſt love thee till I die, and you
May keepe me alive, with now, and then ſome favour,
It want's no preſident, we may kiſſe I hope,
And thus walke arme in arme, I wo'd deny
Thee nothing.

Ho. Do not vaniſh me good Madam.

A noiſe within.

The people hoote already, none to reskue me.

Enter Bentivolio, and Ardelia guarded.

Is not this *Bentivolio*, under guard,
And his faire Miſtreſſe pimpland? how now friend,
Wither are you bound with ſuch a convoy.

1. To priſon, they are traitors.

Ho. Traitors.

Ar. Do not beleeve 'em.

1. They have kil'd the *Duke*.

Fia. How's that?

1. Doe you know him ſir?

Fia. Deere Madam are you priſoner too.

Ho. Take me along,
Better be hang'd then hanted with that goblin.

1. Another of the conſpiracy diſarm'd him.

Ho. Let me but ſpeake a word to this old Damſell.

1. Shee's of the plot too.

Fia. I? I defie him,
I know him not.

Ho. I hope you wo'not leave me in diſtreſſe
Love, Miſtreſſe lady-bird.

Fia. I defie all traitors
Away with 'em, the *Duke* kil'd! out upon 'em,
That Fellow alwayes had a hanging countenance
Bleſſe me, defend me. *Exit.*

Ho. 'Tis well treaſon will
Make her forſake me yet.

Ben. Doſt know on what
Danger thou doſt ingage thy ſelfe?

Ho. Although
I die for company 'tis worth it gentlemen

You know not how you have releev'd me Madam,
I did expect you'd bring him into mischeife,
I am perfect in your sex now, come to prison.

Ar. You may repent your malice sir.

Ho. And you
May be a Saint, a way with us, come friend,
Women have made me weary of the World,
And hanging is a helpe, we might ha' liv'd
If you had tane my counsell, nay i'le share w'ed
I ha' not lost all my good fellowship.

Enter Duke disguis'd with Euphemia.

Exeunt.

Eup. My sorrowes, I forgive you all, this blessing
Has overpaid my heart, and though it cracke
With weight of this so unexpected happinesse,
I shall die more then satisfied.

Du. Euphemia.
Thou art too mercifull, and my repentance
Is yet too feeble, and too short a wonder,
Sure thou dost flatter me, if not heaven suffred,
My fall with holy cunning to let thee
Shine the Worlds great example of forgivenes.

Eup. But wherefore does your grace come hither thus
Disguis'd, being your selfe, and mine agen, what needs
This cloude upon your person, truth did never
Shame the professor.

Du. Though I live to thee,
The World doe thinke me dead *Euphemia*,
Leonato whom I lov'd, and trusted most,
Design'd my everlasting far-well from thee,
But he that should have been my executioner,
Without disordering this poore heape of nature,
Gave me another life, and growth to vertue,
Pallante, blest good man *Eup. Leonates* creature.

Du. That honest Soldier after by his counsell,
I put this shape on, while to my false kins-man
He gives relation of my death, this key
He lent for my accesse to thy sad chamber,

I hope he is return'd.

Leonato opens the doore.

Tis *Leonato*.
My heart o'th ſuddaine trembles with the feare
Of a nere danger, I am unarm'd too,
For our defence——Madam you are not wiſe,
And merit not this providence to dote
Upon a ſhadow, your dead husband, when
Leonato lives, with more ambition to
Succeed him in your love, then this faire Duke-dome.

Leo. What fellowes this that pleads my cauſe, tis ſome
Pallante has appointed to prepare her,

Du. With pardon, you deſerve him not, and were
I *Leonato*——my good Lord.

Leo. Spare your
Dull Retorick ſir.

Du. That I could ſnatch
His ſword, I dare not call for helpe, or leave 'em
She may be loſt within a paire of minutes,
My heart, my braine!

Leo. Madam you ſaid your vow
Was made for life, *Ferniers* death hath canceld
That obligation, and in midſt of teares
Fate ſmiles upon you, if you dare looke up,
And meete it with a will to be made happy
He courts you now, has power to kill all ſorrow,
From theſe faire eyes, be juſt to your kind fortune,
And dreſſe your face with your firſt beauty, Madam,
It may become the change, why weepe you ſtill.

Eup. I weepe for you my Lord.

Leo. For me.

Eup. Becauſe
You cannot for your ſelfe, pray tell me ſir,
Is the *Duke* dead in earneſt, you have not
A mourning face, but great heires ſeldome dy
With ſudden greife, or weeping for thier Father,
Or Kinſ-mens Funerall, I pray how dy'd he?
Although he were not kind to take his leave,
I wod pay my obſequie of teares upon,

His Hearſe, and weepe a prayer to his cold duſt.
Leo. That may be time enough.
Eup. How I deſire
To kiſſe his lip agen, oh ſhew me yet
Where's the pale ruines of my dead Lord? ſtay
He ſhall have halfe my ſoule, where's a ſoft,
And ſilent breath I will convay to warme,
And quicken his ſtiffe boſome.
Leo. Madam, what's
All this to my reward?
Eup. Reward for what.
Leo. My love which for your ſake, and let me tell you
Not without ſome encouragment from you,
To give your heart more freedome to meet ruine,
Hath ſent the *Duke* to heaven.
Eup. Thou art a murderer,
Treaſon?
Du. Treaſon.
Leo. Who was that.
Du. Some eccho
Within the Chamber, nothing elſe my Lord.
Leo. Is not the *Dukes* ghoſt hovering hereabout,
It has a clamour like his voyce, ha, but
I can take order for your ſilence, uſe
That tongue againe, with the leaſt accent to
Affright the aire, and i'le diſmiſſe thy ſoule,
To waite upon thy husbands angry ſhade.
Du. Horror? what can preſerve us but a miracle?
Leo. Yet i'le not ſo much favour you, 'tis death
Perhaps you have ambition too.
Du. One word
My gracious Lord, it has been my trade to deale
With women, with your pardon you do practiſe
Too tame a court-ſhip for her nature, uſe
The opportunity, and force her, to your
Pleaſures, away with Sword, and buckle with her,
Leave me to keepe the doore, I ha been uſ'd to too't
Shee'le thanke you when 'tis done, looſe no time in talke.
Leo. Ha? do thy office.

Du. Wod your Lordship know me?
You shall —— what thinke you of this officer?
False to thy blood, thy honour, and thy Prince.
Y'are caught my precious kinsman, and I live
With my owne hand to be reveng'd upon thee.
Leo. Ha then thorow her, I will receive my mends,
I did suspect that voyce, had not my confidence
Of thy most certaine death betraid me thus,
I wod have made sure worke, some Fate direct
His Sword thorow both our hearts.
Du. No Treason, Treason.

Enter Pallante, Strozzi, Silvio, Ascanio, with a guard, they wound Leonato.

Leo. So let me employ the short breath that remaines
To tell you I engag'd *Pallante*, to
The *Dukes* death with a full hope to satisfie
Lust, and ambition, but he jugled with me,
And so has *Bentivolio*, though he be
With his *Ardelia* in prison, for
Acknowledging himself e your murderer,
To which *Vallerio*, and my selfe inflam'd him.
Du. *Valerio* traitor too.
Sil. Sir he is slaine,
His wounded body found in *Ardelias* chamber.
Du. *Ardelia*!
This darke mischeife shall be cleer'd
Strozzi, command *Bentivolo*,
And *Ardelia* be instantly brought hither?
Str. I shall sir.
Du. Most ingratefull *Leonato*.
Leo. I know I am not worth your charity,
And yet my Lord your cruelty upon
Euphemia, and some licence I tooke from
The example of your wanton blood, was ground
Of these misfortunes, 't seemes Y'are reconcil'd,
Be worth her love hereafter, thou wert just,
Pallante, be still faithfull to thy Prince,
I beg your generall pardon.

Du. We forgive thee.
Leo. Heaven is a great way of, and I shall be
Ten thousand yeeres in travell, yet twere happy
If I may find a lodging thereat last,
Though my poore soule get thither upon crutches
It cannot stay, far-well, agen forgive me.
Pall. He is dead.
Esp. I pity him.

Enter Servant.

Ser. The prisoners waite.
Du. Admit 'em.

Enter Rentivolio, Ardelia, Horatio.

Was your life so great a burthen
That you upon the rumour of our murder,
Would take the act upon you, though you had
Promis'd to be the traitor, or did you
Envy another man should owne the glory,
And title of our bloudy executioner,
Ben. I, but confest the guilt I then beleev'd.
Du. This is a mistery.
Ar. I can best cleere it.
Sil. Tis my wonder how?
Valerio was slaine.
Ben. That I must answer,
Although my Sword then promis'd to another
Revenge, yet in the wound he met a Justice,
I now repent not.
Esp. What's that gentleman.
Ho. I am one Madam that do court my friend here,
So well that though he be in faire election
To loose his Head, or to be Strangled——
Had rather take such as I find with him,
Then live to be tormented with a woman.
Esp. What woman.
Ho. Any woman, without difference,
I have heard your grace has a good fame, and though
It does become your subjects to beleeve it,
I was not borne here Madam, and i've had
Such ill luck with your sex, it does not bind

My

My faith, tis possible there may be good
Both faire, and honest women, but they were never
Under my acquaintance, no noe yet ill favored,
In whom I onely look'd to find a soule,
But bost my labour. This is all truth Madam:

Eup. His humour makes me smile.

Du. Enough, not onely
Our pardon for *Valerios* death, I give
Thee back *Ardelia*, she was my Mistresse
But I returne her pure as thy owne wishes.

Ben. This grace is mighty sir.

Du. Weele see you married,
And what our person, and *Euphemias*
Can adde to grace you.

Ar. Y'ave already blest us,
And heaven shower joyes upon you.

Du. The next thing is to honor thee *Pallante*,
Thou savest my life, and didst now marrie me,
Thy faith is not rewarded.

Pall. 'Was my duty.

Ho. What, is all well agen? and is she honest.

Ben. Most innocent.

Ho. Then shee's too good for thee,
Come the truth is, and now i'le speake my conscience
If there be few good women in the World,
The fault rise first from one of our owne sex,
By flattery, in false-hood to deceave 'em,
And so the punishment does but descend
To us in justice.

Ar. Thats some charity.

Du. Come my *Euphemia*, this second knot
Shall be as firme as destiny, nor shall
What ever was to our chast vow a shame,
In my lives after Story have a name.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

Epist. for Horatio.

Gentlemen, and Ladies,
If I have transgrest in any language
Against hanf'ame faces, I hope you will forgive,
Me, and imagine, I have but plaid the part, which
Was most against my Genius, of any that ever I
Acted in my life, to speake truth,
Who is so simple to dote upon Witches, and hel-Cats.
Venus deliver us, the Poet stands listning behind the arras
To heare what will become on's Play, under the
Rose if you will seeme to like it I'le put
A tricke upon him.
For though he heare when you applaud, I'le say
Your hands did seale my pardon, not the Play.

FINIS.